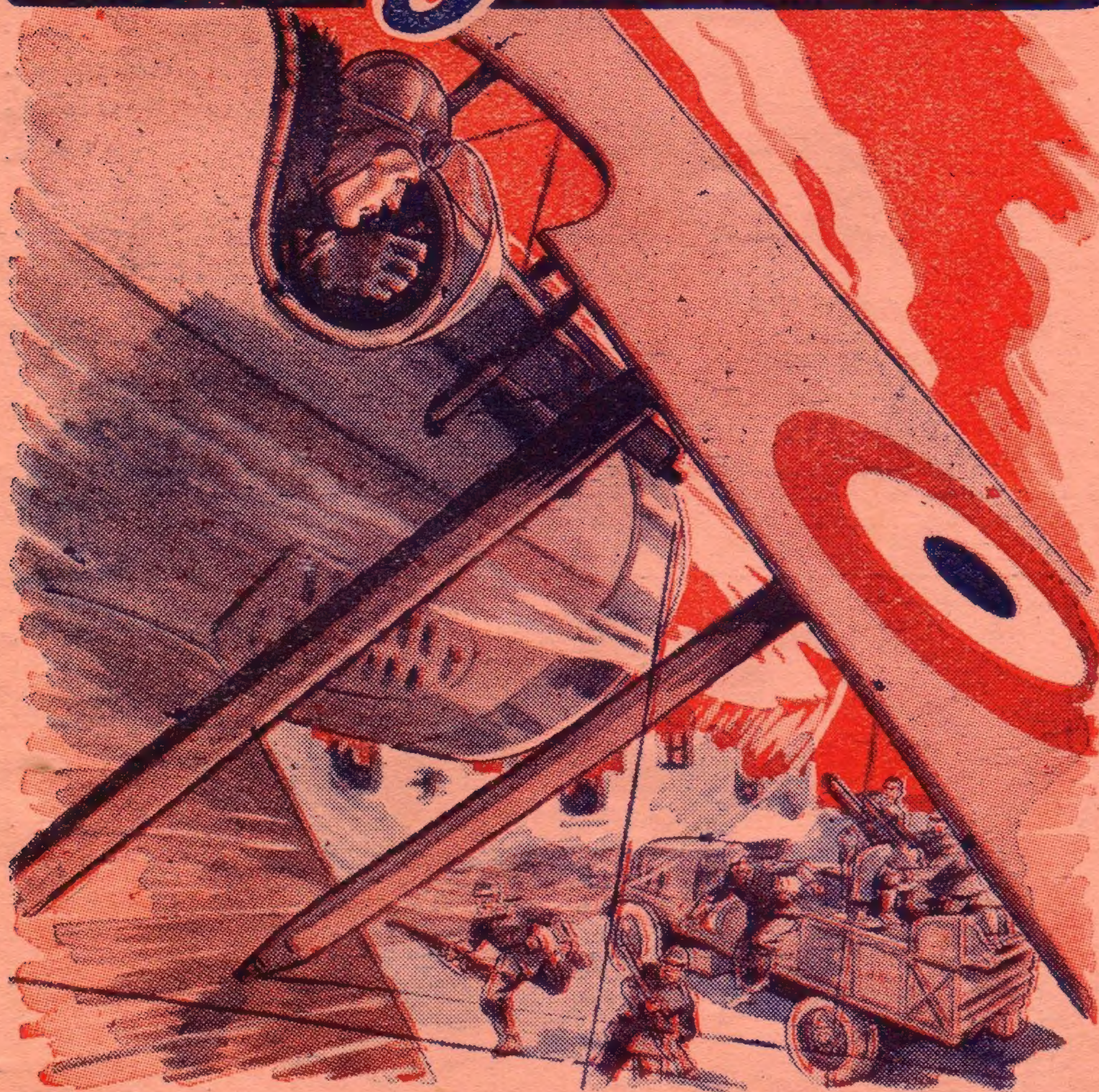


IMPORTANT NEWS FOR ALL READERS

Boys' 2D Magazine

EVERY WEEK



DICK TURPIN'S SCHOOLDAYS

AND SIX OTHER
FINE YARNS INSIDE

Vol. XXIII—No. 620—January 20, 1934

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION BY CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST

BOYS' MAG. combines with CHAMPION next week.
Ask for the CHAMPION next Monday. See Pages 18 and 19.



PIECEFUL.

SCHOOLMASTER (discovering broken cane):
Can you explain this, Simmonds?

SIMMONDS: Yes, sir; disarmament propaganda.

(Fountain pen to E. G. COHEN, Summerhill,
New London Road, Rayleigh, Essex.)

SPOOK(E)Y.

TOM: How can ghosts go through closed doors?

JACK: They use skeleton keys!

(Fountain pen to R. DAVIS, 9, Addiscombe Road,
Margate.)

WELL MET.

FAT: Good morning, squire, and may Oi ask what brings you out into the fields so early this morning?

SQUIRE: Oh, I'm out seeking an appetite for my breakfast.

PAT: Well, well, and Oi'm out seeking a breakfast for my appetite.

(Fountain pen to MARTIN PATTISON, 6, Margaret Terrace, Tanfield Lea, Tantobie, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

A TOUCHING LIKENESS.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Your son ordered this photo from me!

FATHER: It's certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?

PHOTOGRAPHER: No, not yet!

FATHER: That's still more like him!

(Fountain pen to LAWRENCE SUTTON, 45, Hill Street, Peckham, S.E.15.)

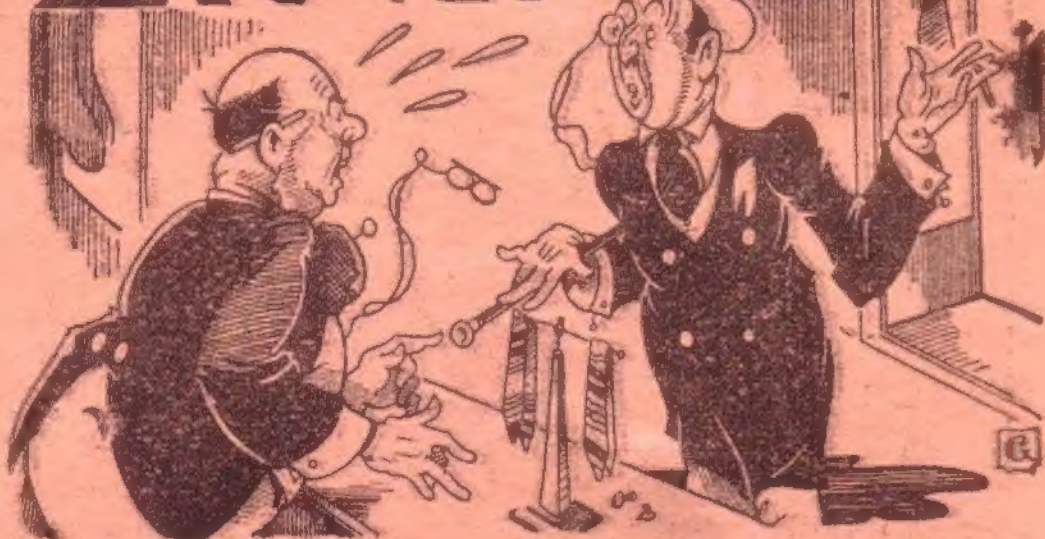


Sly Sam: Your golf-ball hit me on the head, sir!

Gaffer: I'm sorry! Here's a shilling for you.

Sly Sam: Thank you, sir! Will you be golfing round here to-morrow?

(Football to KENNETH GRAY, 4, Leeholme Road, Leeholme, Bishop Auckland.)



Gent.: Would you mind taking that purple tie out of the window-case?

Shop Assistant: Why, certainly, sir. Would you like it?

Gent.: No, thanks. I only asked because it annoys me every time I pass.

(Football to E. SELBY, 71, Groulsey Crescent, Waddon, Surrey.)

GALLING.

FRIEND: You look upset this morning, doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, I have been treating a patient for yellow jaundice for three years and I've just found out he's a Chinaman.

(Fountain pen to H. HARVEY, Boyton, near Woodbridge, Suffolk.)

SEZ HIM.

ANGLER: Yes, the fish was too small to bother about, so I got a couple of men to help me throw it back!

(Fountain pen to E. C. SOMERS, Vera Cottage, Upper Welland, Malvern, Worces.)

ON ACCOUNT.

DICKY: How much am I worth, dad?

FOND PARENT: You're worth thousands of pounds to me!

DICKY: Can I have a penny of it?

(Fountain pen to CHARLES RIMMER, Chestnut Farm, Halsall, near Ormskirk.)

A CHANGE.

MOTOR SALESMAN: Can I show you something, sir?

PEDESTRIAN: No, I'm not here to buy anything! But it's such a wonderful change to be in the midst of all these cars without having to dodge them.

(Fountain pen to RONALD FOULTON, 13, Pearl St., Starbeck, Harrogate.)

GAS!

TEACHER: What is a therm?

SMART BOY: A microbe that gets into a gas-meter and causes galloping consumption.

(Fountain pen to JAMES HUNTER, Allonby, Bonkle, Newmains, Lanarkshire, Scotland.)

NOT ALL HONEY.

BUSINESS MAN: I have thousands working for me! Even then, it's not all honey.

FARMER: I've kept bees, too!

(Fountain pen to REGINALD PERRY, 26, Victoria Road, Barry, Glam.)

WHITE-HOT THRILLS OF
THE WAR IN THE AIR!

Mighty, Moving Drama and Mystery Tale
of the Aces of the Great War, Chums.



Caught Napping.

BILL ARNOLD sat shivering in his tiny spruce and leather-lined office, thirteen thousand feet above Conflans. It was quiet this afternoon, but his job was to protect the wedge from the outside.

As he turned, he caught a glimpse of a lone strip of green canvas that streamed back from his tail-plane guy wire.

Bill Arnold was proud of that lone streamer—his badge of office as sub-leader.

He turned back and looked across at Jerry Hastings who rode No. 5. on his left. But Jerry was peering ahead between Peto Weston and Knocko Flynn.

All the characters in the stories printed in this paper are fictitious. The names do not refer to any living person or persons.

Flying Fans, Here's Your Favourite
Fare. A Red-Hot New Thriller of
the Flaming Skyways

He watched the two streamers on the tail of Captain Harry Wilson, who led the patrol.

Arnold scowled and reflected:

"Two streamers, a flight leader. Well, I suppose Harry deserves it," he mused, turning back and glancing at his own again. "Good man, all right. Knows the game. Can fight like a fool, keeps his formation intact, and above all knows his front and can make out a great report when he comes back. Can't see how he gets the time to do it all."

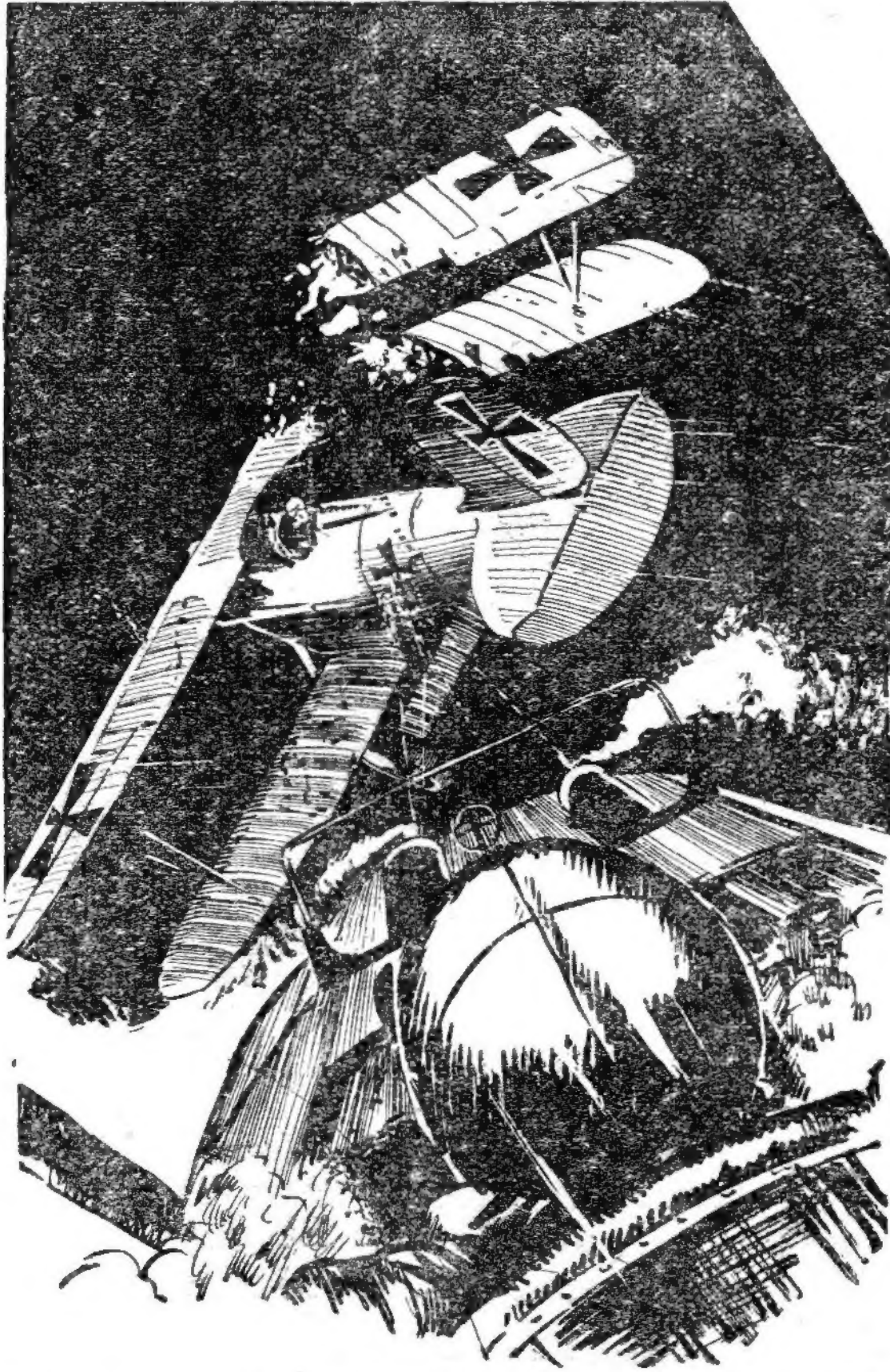
That was just the difference between Captain Harry Wilson and Lieutenant Bill Arnold. And when Captain Nobby Clark went West, Wilson had been promoted to carry the two green streamers.

"Came out together. Stuck it out together. Each got seven Huns and the M.C. But he's a captain with two streamers on his tail and I'm still Lieutenant Bill Arnold with but one. I hold off the Jerries who pop down on us from the sun. I suppose

it's reasonable, and all that, but it hardly seems fair," growled Arnold, glaring down at those two streamers that seemed to be waving back at him in derision.

Then came the expected which somehow is always unexpected. He had been crying the blues to himself and had forgotten to keep his eyes over his tailplane.

There was a strange staccato vibration along the



THE GOTHA A GONNER.—A short burst ripped the two outer struts of the Jerry 'plane. The wing fluttered, then slowly crumpled.

longerons. Through his narrow yellow struts went a stream of blistering sparks. A quick movement on his rudder bar and he was out of line.

He turned and glanced back at five green and brown camouflaged Jerry ships, which held their formation while their leader attempted to pick off the outside Spad.

Arnold dived under Weston and Flynn and came up under Wilson's tail-skid. By this time the flight-leader had spotted them and he wheeled off to the right as Hastings and Weston heeled over and barged bang into the Hun formation to break it up.

Then began one of those short and sweet dogfights. For a few minutes the sky was a mad panorama of screaming wings, rattling guns and roaring motors.

Wilson bided his time like a veteran. He popped

away at threatening Jerries and slewed in and out until he got Hastings and Weston back into formation.

Wilson's nose went down after the Jerry leader who fought desperately to get back with his troop. Hastings had taken Arnold's place and continued to blast out a curtain of fire that held the two Huns out of position. At last Wilson got his man in his sights. With careful pressure on his Bowden control he let out a sharp but deadly burst of cupro-Nickel into the green and brown two-seater. There was a distinct shiver as the fanfare of lead splashed into her.

Wilson eased off to watch her go down and manoeuvred for position in his formation.

Then something happened.

From beneath Wilson's wheels shot another Spad dead for the fuselage of the stricken Jerry. The green and brown scout heeled over in agony, rammed up into a stall, and fell in one of those sickening spins earthward, a pennon of scarlet streaming back from her vitals.

"Get back there!" yelled Wilson, realising at last that Arnold was not in position. He leaned over the side of his cockpit and shook an ominous fist at his sub-leader. Arnold screwed around, satisfied with his work, and waved in triumph at the rest of the formation.

"Well, Captain Wilson," grunted the sub-leader. "That makes eight for me, kid. The sub-leader now leads his own flight commander. How do you like it?"

Arnold was back into his position. The flight watched the rest of the Huns draw off, ignoring the attempt to entice them still farther over the line. Instead the six Spads winged back to St. Aubin, where 48 Squadron's home nestled down behind a row of battered poplars. There the ships were taken over by the mechanics, while the pilots turned toward the Recording Office to make their reports.

Wilson led the way. Major Kitteredge, C.O., of the squadron, came across to inquire what sort of a show they had enjoyed.

"Very little doing, Major," advised Wilson. "We put one Hun down over Etain just before we came in, and I found a couple of new mobile anti-aircraft guns that we'll have to take care of. I'll try for them to-morrow. Might be some fun."

"Who got the Jerry?" went on the Major.

"I did!" burst in someone from behind.

Both the Major and Wilson turned, somewhat startled by the tone of Bill Arnold's assertion.

"What do you mean, Bill?" demanded Wilson. "I got that Jerry! He was in flames when you went after him."

"Flames, my onion! That smoke was his exhaust. I made him a flamer," roared back Arnold. "Ask anyone here."

"Just what happened, Wilson?" broke in the Major.

The captain frowned, but recounted the happenings of the patrol. How they had been attacked, how he had "outed" the leader, and Bill Arnold had then gone down after the Hun.

"But Major," appealed Arnold, "I'm sure that my burst sent him down."

"Well, of course," said Kitteredge, wagging his head. "You certainly went after him for the kill, and you are entitled to something. But how was it that you happened to be below your leader? You are supposed to be flying six, aren't you?"

"I was taken unawares and they were drilling me before I knew what had happened," replied Arnold, guiltily.

"What were you doing, sleeping up there?" raged the Major. "You almost let your leader down, and now you want to claim a Jerry that he most certainly winged for you. Get inside, you men, and make out your reports."

As they entered the Recording Office Wilson put his arm around his sub-leader's shoulders, while a friendly smile trickled across his face.

"Look here, Bill," he opened. "We're not going to be bad friends over a stinking Jerry ship, are we?"

"Aw, quit the lollygagging, Wilson!" snapped Arnold, throwing the Captain's arm from his shoulders. "You can't come it over me that way. You'll give me the Jerry—playing the sportsmanship gag—to keep in right with the C.O. You tried to get the Hun over me, and you knew I was the one who finished him."

K.O. to the Ack-Ack Gun.

B" FLIGHT had the midday patrol the next day and while there was nothing particular in their orders, it was generally agreed that they were to go after the mobile anti-aircraft battery Wilson had spotted.

The pilots were all in their cockpits warming up their engines on the cab-rank when Wilson suddenly got out of his pit and walked over to Arnold's machine.

Slapping the sub-leader on the shoulder, he smiled up at him.

"How do you feel, old kid?" inquired the leader.

"To hell with you! I'm for myself from now on, streamers or no streamers. You get in a jam from now on, and you'll look out for yourself!"

"And if I don't get out of it, you'll have to carry the two streamers, won't you?" smiled Harry Wilson.

"You bet I will. They'll never do me out of those again!"

"Oh, so it's the streamers that's eating you, eh?" grinned the flight leader. "Well, I wish you luck!" And Wilson stalked back to his ship.

In another five minutes they roared off towards the lines.

They kept in formation and soon gained sufficient height to cross over. Twenty minutes later they were sitting over Conflans again. Wilson started a strange patrol back and forth over the city.

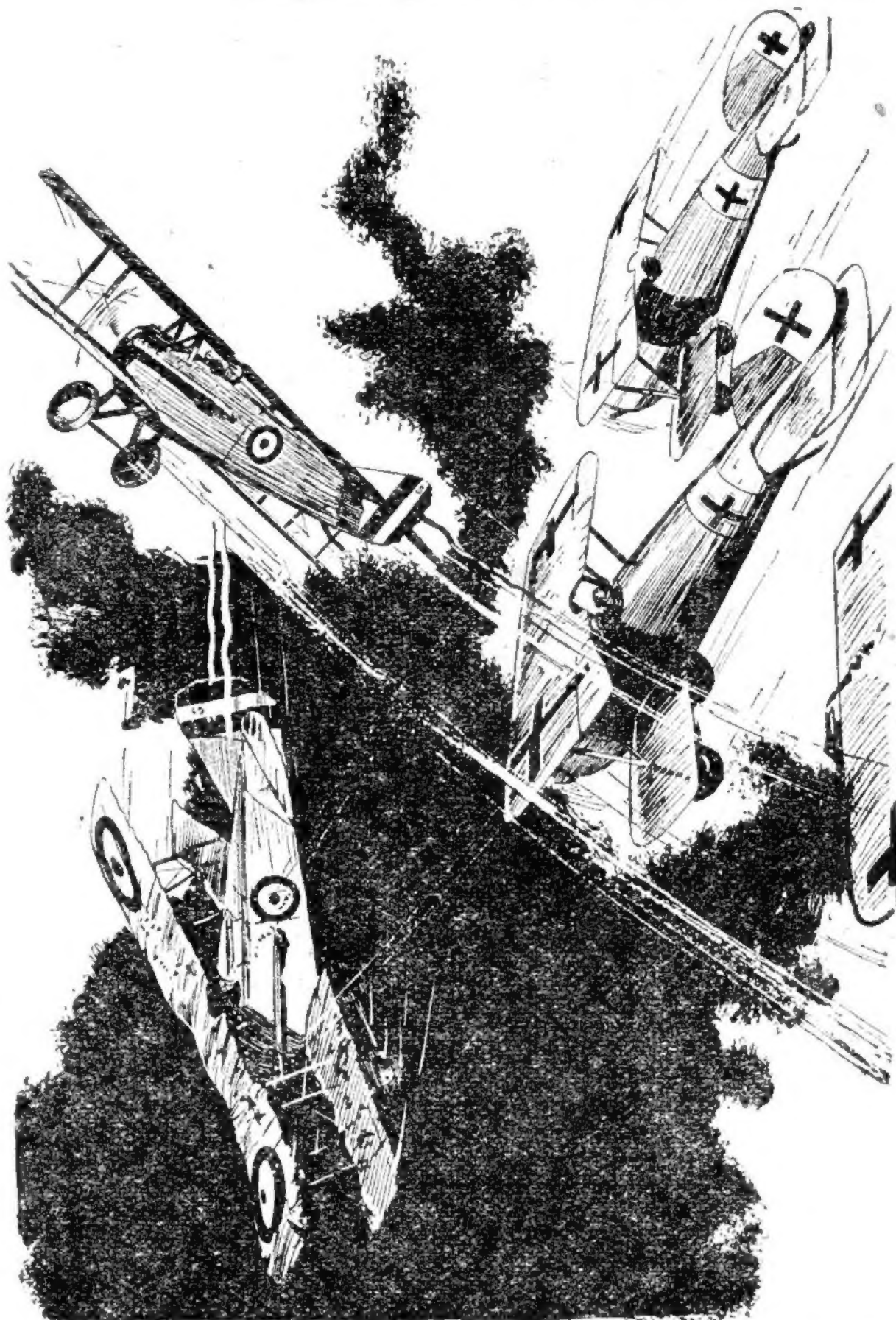
Suddenly there came the sharp explosion of anti-aircraft guns and puffs of smoke appeared amidst the flight. The mobile gun had spotted them.

Wilson edged off a few points and side slipped out of range. A red Verrey light streamed out of his cockpit and down went his nose. The rest followed as though they were laced together by invisible wires.

Then followed a mad scramble as Wilson stuck his

hand up and signalled with his fingers. They fell away into single file. Below them a terror-stricken crew of Archie gunners released great pneumatic jacks and lowered the angle of their gun. Then came a death-dealing spatter of spinning lead.

Wilson was down there, both guns stuttering and streaming their wrath. Weston followed and fanged a long, wailing burst into the ammunition tender.



A QUITTER IN THE CLOUDS.—The Spad came roaring down on the German 'planes. Suddenly its guns ceased and it zoomed up and away, leaving Wilson's crippled machine at the mercy of the Heinies.

Then the gun was moving out of the shadow of the trees and rumbling down the road. The tender followed, as the wild-eyed gunners watched their foemen curl off and prepare for another mad dive. In a few moments the truck was barging into the outskirts of a village.

Wilson snarled into his Aldis sight and slid past a church tower, his wing-tip almost wiping the rusty iron hands from the old clock.

Another fanging burst, and the tender shot across the road, buried itself in the front window of an estaminet.

Arnold came through the village street, his wheels just skimming the top of a furrier's shop. Again his guns roared out and sent a burst spluttering just beneath Knocko Flynn's tail skid and into the rear turret of the Archie truck.

A man flung up his arms and went spinning off into the roadway. Still the flying gun-truck continued down the street.

Arnold screwed up just clear of the thatched roof of a cottage and sought the rest of the gang.

He turned back and saw a Spad with two streamers fluttering from its tail go bashing through the main street again, with hardly ten feet on either side of its wing-tips. The nose was dangerously low and then it lit up with the glistening flame of three-o-three that spluttered from the muzzle-cups of its Vickers.

There was a dull scream and a clatter of steel on stone. As Arnold swung around to follow his leader, he saw the great anti-aircraft truck swing madly, curl across the road and ram its nose into a broad, oaken doorway. Then it reared up on its hind wheels and toppled back, with a clatter of bent plates and crash of masonry.

Left in the Lurch.

So far, so good!

Captain Wilson checked his fuel and glanced at his dashboard clock. They could put in another fifteen minutes yet.

He scanned the battered landscape below to pick up items of interest for his report. The rest of the patrol hugged in close and snuggled down farther into their cockpits. It was beginning to get cold again.

Suddenly they were all jerked into the alert by a wagging of Wilson's wing-tips. Then, as the front Spad began to nose down, they perceived two French Caudrons in a death battle with a flock of Jerry two-seaters.

In two minutes the Spads had hopped in and were picking their men while the Caudrons slithered off, dragging in their airdrops and leaving their rescuers to finish the job.

Wilson picked off a Jerry ship. His initial burst was short, sweet and deadly. The Jerry pilot stiffened convulsively on his rudder bar and the Maltese-crossed ship screwed into a sickening flat spin.

Wilson left her and turned his attention to another that was attempting to sneak away through a film of oil smoke. A long screaming burst roared out from his Vickers and ripped the two outer-bay struts away.

For a minute the Jerry pilot stared out at the fluttering wing before he lost his head completely. Like a madman he started to dive out of the way. The Jerry two-seater suddenly jerked and tossed away one wing-assembly. Then the machine nosed down into a spin.

"Poor devils," husked Wilson, curling over and almost ramming his nose dead into another two-seater.

He spotted the others lancing in and out, pecking away at their enemies. Arnold was chasing one fighter all over the sky and completely ignoring another that was only thirty feet from his tail. Another was beneath him giving the observer a fine chance to get him from below.

With a growl of rage, Wilson shot across and pumped a screaming burst at the lower machine and drew back on his throttle. His first burst was enough there, for the lower Hun screwed off in a shaky course and left the battle.

"Now if I can hold her!" breathed Wilson.

He stalled his ship a second or two and then, watching his target, suddenly rammed the throttle

forward and yanked the ship up on her tail. He spewed another dozen or so at the ship that was trying to pick off Arnold from the rear.

The burst fanged into the engine of the two-seater and almost instantly the ship heeled over as though pushed by some invisible hand.

Three bursts, three Jerries!

"Got to get out of this," reflected Wilson, as he swung his ship in and out, spraying offending two-seaters here and there. "Can't stay up here all day. Motors need gas."

He skimmed through the lot, waving his arms. Then he reached down for his Verrey-light pistol. He put the ship into an easy bank and held her there with his knees as he sought a red cartridge. It was fully a minute before he could load the ungainly weapon, but finally he got the heavy shell in and closed the breech.

He grabbed the stick again, and sent a gleaming scarlet ball of fire streaming up, calling the Spad pilots to regain formation.

He turned to see if the gang had spotted his signal. For an answer he got a battering burst of Spandau confetti smack in his fuselage.

The Spad leader snapped his stick back and booted right rudder to get on the other side of the Jerry, but little response came to his movements. The controls were clipped somewhere.

"Holy wailing wildcats!" roared the Captain.

"He certainly got me bending!"

He attempted to wobble his ship away. Out on the wing-tips the ailerons flapped dimly. A long, steel wire trailed back from the upper horn.

The Hun came over again and another burst fanged out from that Parabellum above. Wilson felt the maddening quiver along the longerons, through his wicker seat, and up his clammy spine.

"Where's Hastings? Where's Arnold?" he muttered. "Why the devil don't they come down and pick this bloke off?"

Suddenly he remembered what Arnold had said back there in the Recording Office.

He sat in front. Popped off the Jerries and had his tail protected by the others who usually had to take all the Fokker thumping.

He was squealing for assistance now. Arnold was right. He was a squealer.

Then Wilson cheered aloud as he spotted a Spad, with a single green streamer on its tail, roaring down towards them.

"Come on, Bill!" bellowed the stricken leader.

Down the invisible chute of the sky came the Spad, both guns screaming. The Hun observer continued to wale away with his Parabellum. The Spad with the two streamers was beginning to crumple from stem to stern. Would he never get there?

Suddenly the Spad's guns stopped and Wilson watched it curl up and over and slither away.

What the devil! Why had he stopped and turned back? Had he seen who it was and left him to the mercy of the Hun?

"Damn you, Arnold! You dirty rat!" he spat, "Leaving a man like that. . . ."

There was nothing to do now. No chance of getting in. Wilson stuck his nose down as straight as an arrow and beat it for the ground below, ground that was occupied by the Germans.

Soiled Streamers.

THERE was a strange tension in the air as the pilots of 48 Squadron scribbled their reports in the Recording Office, while Major Kitteredge tried to pump them for a sane story of the patrol. Hastings was the only one who would give any sort of an account of the affair at all.

"We got the Jerry Ack-Ack gun, Major," he explained. "Then we went back for height and soon the Captain led us down into a fight, where a couple of Caudrons were having an argument with a flock of Albatris. We bunged in and Wilson got at least three of them. Arnold got one that I know of, and I think Weston got one. Anyhow, we suddenly missed Wilson, and all I know is that I saw Bill go down after a Spad below and then come back. He led us home. That's all I care to say about it."

"Did you see Wilson go down?" inquired the Major of Bill.

"I was going down after him, but I guess I was too late," replied the sub-leader. "And then my ammo ran out."

"H'm! You'd better be prepared to lead the flight to-morrow, Arnold. You, Hastings, take the single strip. I'll have to check up on it."

Immediately Arnold began to show signs of enthusiasm. He grinned as the Major left the R.O.

"Congratulations, Hastings!" he almost shouted.

"I'm glad to see you get my streamer. I know we'll get along great, won't we?" he grinned brightly.

For a fleeting glance Hastings went white. His fingers gripped the pencil he was using and snapped it in two. His eyes flashed strangely.

let Harry Wilson go down without firing a shot. Your guns were jammed, eh? It was too late, eh? You went down to help—until you saw those two streamers on his tail. You let him go because you wanted them!"

"That's a lie, Hastings!" snapped back Arnold, crowding up. "Ask any of them here."

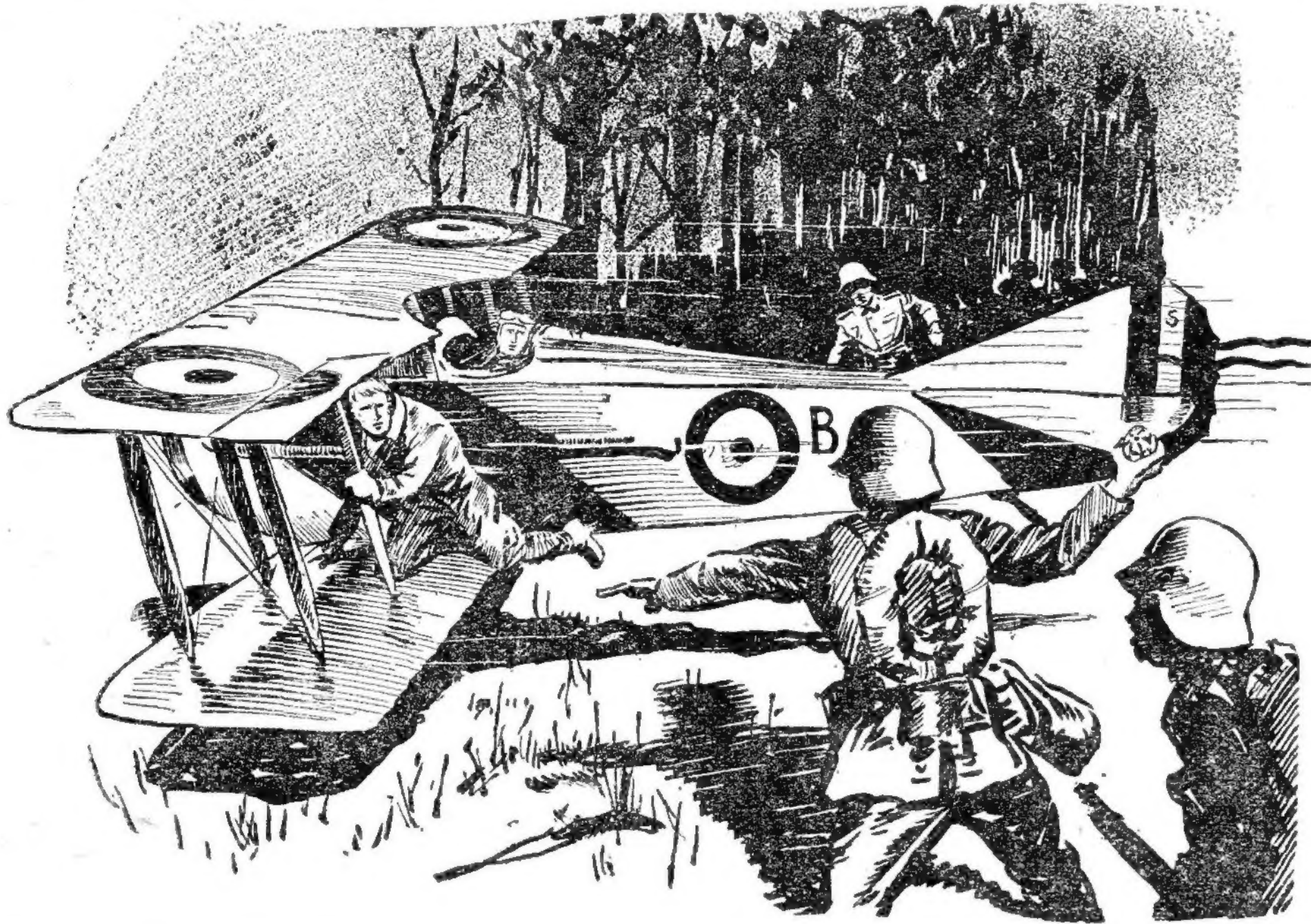
He turned to the rest of the flight for confirmation, but he saw derision written on their oil-streaked faces, disdain and denouncement.

"Two streamers!" came in Hastings again, crouching like a tiger. "That's what you sold yourself for. Two lousy bits of green canvas. But every time you look down at your tail, you won't see two green streamers! They'll be scarlet—scarlet with the blood of Captain Harry Wilson!"

Arnold, like a hunted animal, stared around the semi-circle of hostile faces. Every mouth was framing the words "scarlet streamers."

The crowd trooped out of the shack and returned to their cubicles.

Arnold took his report sheet, that lay under his elbow, stared at it once and then ripped it up. Shaking his head like a bull that has been stunned by a pole-axe, he staggered across the floor towards the door. Towards his Nissen hut he guided himself, babbling.



ESCAPE—AT THE DOUBLE.—Bill Arnold stood on the wing and Captain Wilson sent the machine roaring forward, as a horde of Bosches came charging towards them.

"Shake hands with you, you dirty rat?" he choked. "Why you ought to be shot out there in the gunpit. Me shake hands with you? I wouldn't fly the same patrol with you. I'm getting a transfer to 'A' Flight, or I'll know why!"

"Why, what's the——" started Arnold.

"What's the matter!" raged on Hastings, the veins standing out on his neck like whipcords. "You

"Harry! Harry!" he muttered. "They won't believe me. They think I let you down."

Lone Patrol.

IT was dark when he awoke. His batman was shaking his shoulders and informing him that his water was ready and evening mess call had sounded.

Like a man emerging from a nightmare, he arose and shoved his face into a collapsible wash-basin. The cooling liquid refreshed him momentarily, but it only made him become keener of mind.

The wide canvas doors of the hangar were still open. Arnold's Spad stood near the doorway. He went up to it and stood in the stirrup. He looked inside the magazine boxes. The guns were all reloaded and the belts replenished. He rapped the gas tank beneath the seat. Full!

"Do you wish anything, sir?" inquired a mechanic.

"Yes. I want you to help me start my engine," replied Bill.

Together they put the Spad out on the tarmac. In a few minutes the Hiss was primed and set for starting. Bill Arnold fastened his belt and gave the signal. With the first swing the still warm Hiss caught and started easily.

Without waiting for a warm-up, Bill ordered the mechanic to pull the chocks. The man stood watching the bobbing Spad as it rumbled down the field. There were hurried footsteps behind him.

"Who's in that ship?" roared a voice. It was Major Kitteredge!

"Lieutenant Arnold, sir. Just came in and told me to help him start his ship up."

A group of puzzled pilots came barging up. Hastings led one group and inquired what was up.

"Mr. Arnold has decided to go on a night patrol of some sort," explained Kitteredge. "Know anything about it?"

"No, sir. News to me—to us," spoke up Jerry.

As they gathered in closer the Spad roared down the field towards them. With a screeching, banshee wail, it zoomed towards them out of the darkness beyond. It zipped over their heads, its wheels still spinning, and left a ghostly outline that was highlighted by the two flaming exhausts.

"Great Scot!" the major ejaculated, staring at the Spad. "What's he got tied to his tail?"

"His scarlet streamers," laconically explained Knocko Flynn. "His new badge of office."

The lone Spad climbed rapidly, once Bill jerked her over the hangar. He shot away due west for a time and then cut back north-east, headed for the flickering line of death and glory that lay beyond.

The flare from the fish-tailed exhaust pipe fascinated him. He stared back at it for a time. Suddenly, the flame brought out the trim outline of his tail-assembly, and his eyes caught sight of something fluttering and spanking in the slip-stream. Two Scarlet Streamers!

With a cry of a wounded animal he turned back to his instrument board.

"I'm coming, Wilson!" he shouted wildly. "I'm coming, scarlet streamers and all."

He flung his ship over and headed for Azannes with its glistening, kidney-shaped lake. Through his centre-section struts he could see it all plainly now. He stared around, seeking something that would offer a trace of the actual spot where Wilson landed.

"If I could only remember where he went down," he moaned again and again.

He peered off to one side, and there framed in the inner-bay struts and leading edges of his left wing was a strange picture.

It was so familiar, and yet partially disguised. Like an oil painting that has been copied in black and white.

That was it! He remembered now! He remembered seeing the same bit of landscape as he streamed down after Harry Wilson this very afternoon.

There was the lake, with the tiny church creeping up to its reed-grown banks; there the small rivulet which ran under the road alongside the lake; the

old, stone bridge that looked like an old world scene lifted from a postcard.

All he would have to do now would be to keep that scene in between those struts as long as possible and then act as though he were landing a conked ship. That would bring him somewhere near where Wilson went down.

He eased back on the throttle and nosed down gently. With his rudder he kept the church in the lower left-hand corner. The bridge came at the right centre and the road crawled off out of the frame and hid itself under the outer edge of the upper wing. At 1,500 feet he sought a landing field. There was a strip of flat grey off to the side of the church that looked promising.

"Now, if I were making a forced landing, I certainly would pick that spot," agreed Bill to himself.

Without another word he killed his engine completely and with an eerie wail he skimmed across the old church and brought the Spad down to an easy landing in a stretch of meadow. She halted a few feet from a small wood that bounded the field on the north. Silently he slid over the side, and shouldering the tail skid, drew the tiny scout among the trees. The overhanging branches of two willows made a splendid natural curtain for the top plane. Only from directly in front could the ship be seen at all.

"And if I have to make a quick get-away, I can do it, now that her nose is in the right direction," observed Bill. "Now to do a little scrounging around and see what we can see."

He crouched and ducked into the wood alongside the hidden Spad and within thirty yards came out to a well-ratted road. Keeping well in the shelter of the wood, he turned to the left and started towards the heavy stone bridge that spanned the narrow, sluggish river.

Like a cat he worked his way along and decided to make for that. Hardly had he gone twenty yards when he heard footsteps coming along the road, strange, shuffling steps.

With a short crouching spring he made the bridge, skirted around its heavy wall, skidded down a sharp incline and wound up on a narrow footpath that ran beneath.

"Wonder who that was," he panted, backing into the shadow of the semi-circular cavern. He waited a few minutes and heard someone go padding across the bridge with a strange, rustling stride.

For a few minutes he sat on a cold stone and stared about him. Gradually, he was able to make out the great stones in the structure. His eyes moved along the dripping, moss-covered wall, until they came upon a black aperture in the masonry on the other side.

"H'm," mused Bill. "Wonder what that is. Secret chamber or tunnel? I'll have a look."

Silently he lowered himself into the stream and started across. The turbid water swirled up around his waist. His boots were filled with it. His riding breeches, impregnated in Castrol, held off the saturation for a second or so, but gradually the cold waters reached his thighs and sent icy shivers up his loins.

He surged across the river, slipping and stumbling over the uneven footing and finally emerged, dripping and cold on the other side.

"Looks like a tunnel, all right," he reflected, running his hands over the stones that framed the narrow entrance. "Wonder what's inside."

He took another step forward and started to investigate. He had no flashlight and all investigation would have to be carried out by his sense of touch.

Suddenly, he realised that he was not alone in the

(Continued on page 35.)

Wrrrump! Boomph! He's At It Again! **THE BIG SHOT GOALIE** Fighting the Menace to the Swifts!



A Phoney 'Phone.

SIXTY thousand football fans roaring in a delirium of excitement, three minutes to go, and the mighty Arsenal, hitherto unbeaten at Highbury, one goal down on their own ground to the Stadium Swifts.

Led by that brilliant amateur international, A. V. Laidlaw, the Swifts attack had come into its own late in the second half. Till then the masterly Arsenal forward line, supported gloriously by its halves, had launched their famous lightning raids on the Swifts goal.

But Jimmy Dunn, the youthful and tousle-headed goalkeeper whom the Swifts had signed from a small and almost unknown north-country amateur team, had kept his charge intact, tipping the ball over the bar or turning it round the post with an amazing skill which had brought deafening roars of applause from the thousands of footer fans.

The burly Bob Hawkins, left back and captain of the Swifts, had also played a hero's part. And now, as the ball was slipped back to him from the right half, he punted it far down the field and out to the right wing with that supreme accuracy which had made him one of the greatest backs of his time.

The Swifts' outside right took the ball on the run,

OUR GIGANTIC TALE OF THE TIES.

swerved round the Arsenal left half, drew the back, then pushed the ball low along the ground. A. V. Laidlaw was up and he crashed it into the net with a first time drive which left the Arsenal goalie hopelessly beaten.

"Goal!" The roar which rent the air was heard miles away, and completely drowned the final whistle.

The invincible Arsenal had been beaten by two goals to nil on their own ground!

What a come-back for the Swifts, with whom things had gone so badly during the first half of the season. But as A. V. Laidlaw and Jimmy Dunn, the youthful goalkeeper, knew it had not been the fault of the Swifts that they were at the bottom of the League table.

Somewhere behind the scenes was a sinister menace which was doing its utmost to smash the Swifts—put the famous old club out of existence.

"Well, whoever they are, they certainly got one in the eye to-day, Jimmy," said Laidlaw, as he piloted his powerful Red-Eagle sports car towards his rooms in Jermyn Street.

Reaching the imposing block of flats, Laidlaw and Jimmy ascended in the lift to their rooms, where Mrs. Bundle, the housekeeper, had a cosy tea waiting.

"Hallo, Bundy," said A. V. cheerily, taking the

letters which had come by the afternoon post. "Any callers?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Bundle. "Only the gentleman what came to mend the telephone."

"Eh?" exclaimed Laidlaw, staring. "But the telephone didn't need repairing."

"He said he'd come from the Post Office to look to it, sir," said Mrs. Bundle.

"Ah!" nodded Laidlaw, who had been examining the telephone intently. "Come here, Jimmy. What d'you think of this?"

A wire, no thicker than a hair, had been attached to the end of the receiver and led to a small black box



BURSTING THE BLOW-UP PLOT.—While Laidlaw lifted the receiver, Jimmy burst the blown-up bag. Their enemies had laid a trap to blow them up and Laidlaw was letting them think they had succeeded.

which, at first glance, might have contained the telephone batteries.

"I don't know what to make of it," confessed Jimmy. "What do you—?"

The shrill ringing of the telephone bell cut in on his words and Laidlaw swung on Mrs. Bundle.

"Get me a pair of scissors and the biggest paper bag you can find," he said quickly.

Bewildered, Mrs. Bundle hurried away to return with the required articles.

"Blow that bag up, Jimmy," said Laidlaw, cutting the hair wire with the scissors, "and when I lift the receiver bust it good and hard!"

Obediently Jimmy puffed out his cheeks and blew up the bag. Then, as Laidlaw lifted the receiver, he burst it with a resounding bang.

"Thanks!" smiled Laidlaw, clapping his hand over the mouthpiece. "Now if I plug this so that no one can hear us talking, and leave the receiver off, we can get on with tea."

"But lawks a mussy, Mr. Laidlaw," gasped Mrs. Bundle. "What's the meaning of these goings on?"

"Only that some unknown friends of ours have been trying to blow us up," replied Laidlaw. "I wouldn't mind betting that we'll have a visit from one of them shortly."

They had been at tea barely ten minutes when there came an insistent ringing at the door-bell.

"What's the betting that's one of them now?" Laidlaw exclaimed; then to Mrs. Bundle, who appeared with the hot water: "Show the gentleman in, Bundy."

A few moments later the housekeeper ushered into the room a tall, thin gentleman, saturnine of feature and immaculately dressed.

One Of The Gang.

"JENNIFER!" exclaimed Laidlaw, springing to his feet and advancing with hand outstretched. "This is splendid. You're just in time for a cup of tea!"

Captain Silas Jennifer, manager of the Red Rovers football team, one of the most powerful combinations in the Big League, seemed to think it anything but splendid. He stared at Laidlaw, stared at Jimmy, then his gaze moved momentarily to the telephone.

"Yes, the old 'phone looks a bit untidy," laughed Laidlaw. "Would you believe it, some infernal scoundrels have been trying to blow Jimmy and me up."

"R-really?" stammered Jennifer, his suaveness missing for once.

"Yes, but never mind about that," said Laidlaw, cheerfully, possessing himself of Jennifer's hat and gloves. "I suppose you've just dropped in to congratulate us upon beating the Arsenal. Jolly nice of you. Sit down, sit down!"

He pushed the unwilling Jennifer into a chair and proceeded to pour him out a cup of tea.

"I see your lads have crashed badly at Portsmouth to-day," he

went on. "Four one, wasn't it? Will you have some toast?"

Captain Jennifer had some toast, but he looked as though it were going to choke him.

"It's the first round of the Cup next Saturday," went on Laidlaw, chattily. "You're drawn against Oldham. D'you fancy your chance?"

"Yes, with luck," replied Jennifer. "If the ball runs for us we shall win through. You're at home to Sunderland?"

"Yes," replied Laidlaw, "and if we're going to win we'll have to pull out every ounce we've got. But have another cup of tea! Jimmy, pass Mr. Jennifer the cakes!"

Inwardly tickled at the furious and fuming Jennifer's efforts to keep control of himself, Jimmy handed him the cakes.

"Are you going to the big fight to-night?" went on Laidlaw.

"Yes," admitted Jennifer surlily. "And I don't mind having a bet with you, Laidlaw. I'll wager you a level five hundred pounds that the Yank puts the Englishman out in three rounds!"

"Done!" said Laidlaw promptly.

The fight in question, to be held that night at the Grand Arena, was between Chicago Pete, the

American middle-weight champion, and Bill Summers, the British champ.

The contest had aroused enormous interest throughout the country, and had a special interest for the Swifts in that Summers had done a lot of his preliminary training with the team at their Stadium.

On the plea that he must change and have dinner, Jennifer at last took his departure. When he had gone the famous centre-forward laughed softly.

"So now we know at least one of our enemies, Jimmy," he said. "Jennifer knew that bomb had been planted here and came to satisfy himself that we were a couple of mangled corpses. We've got to keep a watch on Captain Silas Jennifer!"

The Right Dope.

THE Grand Arena was packed to the doors for the big fight, and outside, mounted policemen struggled to keep in order the milling crowds who were clamouring for admission and who threatened every minute to rush the doors.

Laidlaw and Jimmy arrived just before the big

A terrific roar of cheering greeted Chicago Pete when he scrambled up and dodged through the ropes; then a louder and more prolonged roar welcomed the British champ, Bill Summers.

Little time was lost in formalities, then as the gong sounded, and there came the words "Seconds out," an intense hush settled over the audience.

The American opened cautiously, sparring for an opening, but Bill Summers brought the crowd to their feet with a smashing right to the heart and a hook that jolted Chicago Pete back against the ropes.

Swiftly he followed up, but covering magnificently, the American champ slipped out of danger. Those two terrific punches had shaken him badly, however, and for the remainder of the round he was purely on the defensive.

At the end of the round frenzied cheers and yells of encouragement accompanied Summers back to his corner, and brought a snarl from the lips of Mr. Gurk the gangster.

"Aw, shet it!" he rasped. "He'll knock the big bum cold this next round!"



STOPPING THE WRONG SHOT.—Jimmy leaped to save, and at that moment Gurk let fly with the air-pistol. Something struck Jimmy in the back, paralysing him with pain, so that he failed to keep the ball out.

fight, and as they took their ringside seats they found they were next to Captain Jennifer and his party.

And some party it was, consisting of the burly Ed Gurk, the Chicago gangster, and some half-dozen of his pals. Gurk was not known to Jimmy and Laidlaw, but they were known to him, and as Jimmy seated himself next to Gurk, the gangster said out of the corner of his mouth:

"Wanna back this bum, Summers?"

"No," said Jimmy shortly.

"Scart?" leered Gurk.

"No," snapped Jimmy.

But Chicago Pete failed dismally. On his toes, fighting a winning fight the whole way, Summers' gloves moved in and out with the speed and precision of pistons. It was an exhausted Chicago Pete who reeled to his corner when the bell went.

"It's all over!" said Laidlaw to Jimmy. "The next round'll see the Yank down for the count!"

Jimmy did not answer. He was watching the curious and surreptitious movements of Ed Gurk's hands.

During the last round he had noticed one of Summers' seconds exchanging sly looks with the gangster, and now that same second accidentally

knocked one of the sponges out of the corner of the ring. He clambered through the ropes and dropped to the floor to retrieve it.

As he did so, Gurk dropped his cigar, stooped down to recover it, and attempted to thrust a small syringe into the second's hand.

But Jimmy's hand was there first, his strong fingers closing on the syringe and forcing it out of the gangster's hand.

"You li'l runt!" snarled Gurk. "I'll croak yuh for that!"

"Oh yeah?" grinned Jimmy.

For the time being Mr. Gurk had to be content with threats. When the gong went for the next round he fixed his cruel eyes on Chicago Pete with almost agonised entreaty. In his excitement he failed entirely to feel Jimmy gently press the needle point of the syringe into his muscular leg.

Jimmy knew that the syringe would contain only a stupefying drug, so he saw no reason at all why the gangster shouldn't have a taste of his own medicine.

Consequently, as Summers waded fiercely into Chicago Pete and the boxing fans nearly tore the roof off with their frenzied yells of delight, Mr. Gurk began to loll in his seat, sleepily closed his eyes and murmured:

"Tha'sh ri'. Luvly fight."

If Summers had got the contents of the syringe, reflected Jimmy grimly, he'd have taken the K.O. almost right away. But as it was, the British champ was already measuring his man for the knock-out.

Chicago Pete, eyes glazing and reeling on his feet, pawed feebly at Summers. Then it came, a smashing uppercut, which sent the Yank crashing to the boards for the count and brought a deafening roar of cheers from all parts of the packed building.

"Come on, Jimmy," said Laidlaw, rising. "Let's get out to the car before the crowd. Hallo, what's wrong with Jennifer's pal?"

"He got so bored with the proceedings," grinned Jimmy, "that he's gone to sleep!"

Five Minutes to Live.

THE Golden Horseshoe night club was one of those mushroom but palatial dancing and drinking resorts which are continually springing up in London, running a few short, hectic weeks, and then closing down.

Jimmy and Laidlaw, seated at a table, ostensibly watching the dancing, were actually watching Jennifer and his party whom they had followed to the place after the fight.

"I want to have a good look at these pals of Jennifer's, so that we'll know them again," Laidlaw had said.

Gurk, having recovered, but still looking somewhat seedy, was a member of the party. That they had spotted Laidlaw and Jimmy was obvious, for they kept looking across at them, and there was nothing of *bon homie* and *camaraderie* in those looks.

"I think we'll push off, Jimmy," said Laidlaw at length. "I'd know that bunch of toughs anywhere now—"

He broke off as a waiter suddenly appeared at his elbow and said:

"You're wanted on the telephone, sir!"

"How extraordinary," murmured A. V., "when there's not a soul except Jimmy and myself knows we're here. Come on, Jimmy."

Leaving the waiter standing staring after them, he and Jimmy got their hats and coats, and quitted the club. Reaching the dark side street where their car was parked, they turned into it. As they did

so, there came, without warning, a rush of feet, strong arms were flung round them, and they were borne in through a small doorway, which gave access to the rear premises of the club.

So swiftly and so suddenly had the attack been launched that they had had no time to resist. Before they could attempt to struggle something had descended with smashing force on their respective heads, knocking them out to the wide.

When next consciousness returned to Jimmy, he found himself alone in a steel-floored and steel-lined room void of all furniture except a grandfather clock and a big black box on which he and Laidlaw, trussed like fowls, were standing.

They were kept on their feet by ropes lashed round hooks in the wall. The grandfather clock was standing exactly opposite them and was connected to the black box by coils and wires.

"What's the idea?" asked Jimmy, weakly.

"Hallo, you've come round then?" said Laidlaw cheerily. "I wish you hadn't."

"Why?" asked Jimmy.

"Because we've only got another five minutes to live," replied Laidlaw. "You see that clock? It's five minutes to one. When the pointers reach one, this box we're standing on will explode and scatter us all over the room."

"This chap Jennifer and his pals seem to go in for high explosive a lot," said Jimmy, cheerfully.

"Yes, his pals are from Chicago," said Laidlaw. "They've told me all about it. One of them, that chap Gurk, is the fellow who shot Charlie Fraser, our late manager, on the night express to Newcastle. They're going to smash the Swifts and they're being paid for doing it."

"Who by?" asked Jimmy, staring fascinatedly at the minute hand of the clock remorselessly approaching the hour of one.

"Ah, that's just the one thing they wouldn't tell me," replied Laidlaw. "I'm sorry about this, Jimmy. We shouldn't have come here. They'll miss us against Sunderland on Saturday, eh?"

Although he talked thus cheerily his brow was wet and glistening with a cold sweat of horror. But he wanted at all costs to keep the boy's nerve from breaking.

Two minutes to one!

Jimmy could not take his eyes from that long, moving pointer.

One minute to go!

"Steady, Jimmy, lad!"

Jimmy scarcely heard Laidlaw's words. His mouth was dry and he felt faintly sick.

Then suddenly there came a noise. A grating and metallic noise. Jimmy closed his eyes. This was the end.

Next moment someone had hold of him and a gruff voice said:

"Easy, lad, you're all right!"

In amazement Jimmy opened his eyes. The grating noise he had heard had been the opening of the steel door of the room which was full of blue-uniformed policemen.

"What—what—"

Jimmy's dry lips could not form the question.

"It's a raid, lad," explained the policeman quickly, sawing at Jimmy's bonds. "We've had our eye on this place for a long time."

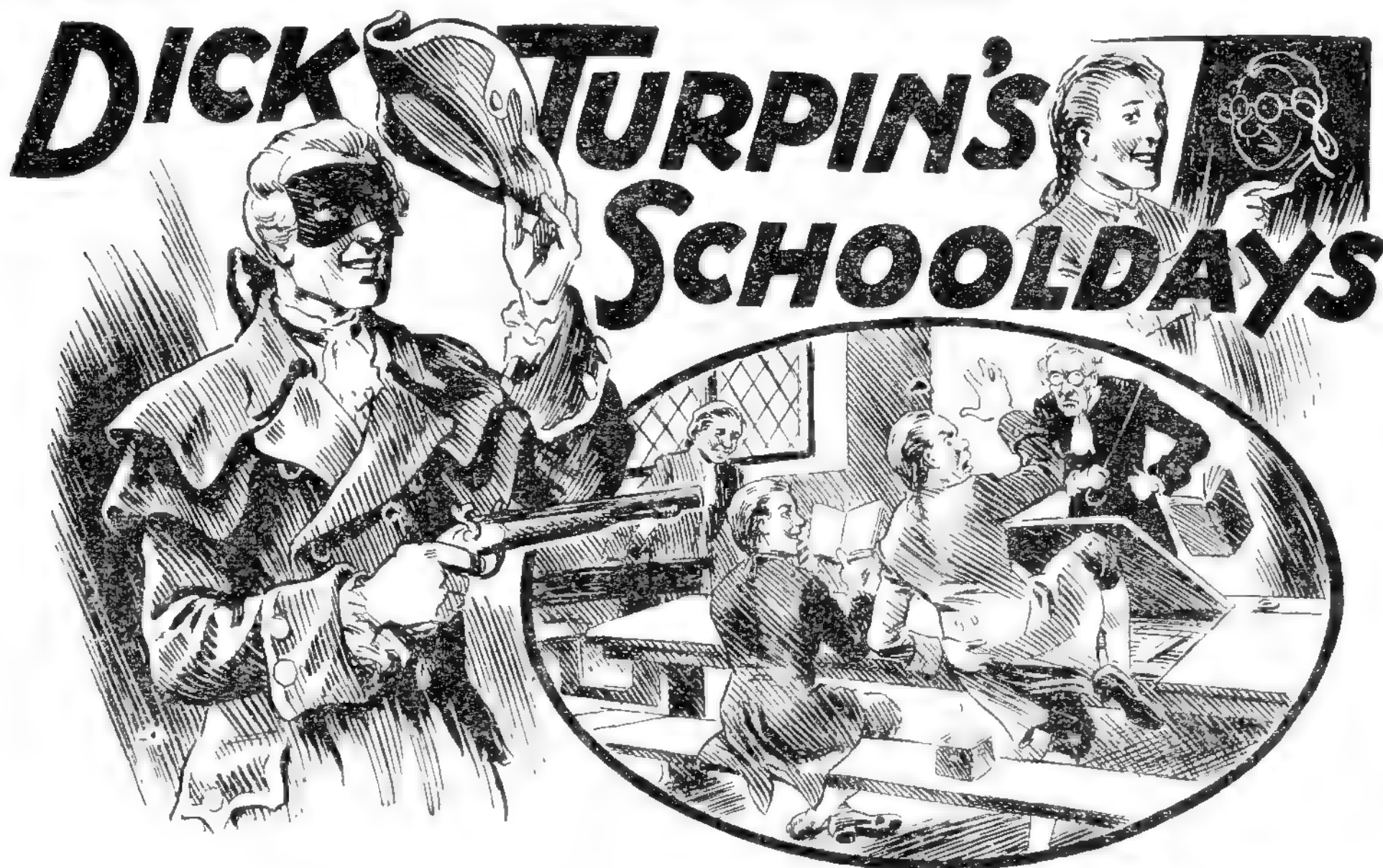
On the Spot.

THE police did not round up the gangsters. Those wary individuals had slipped away the moment they had tied up Jimmy and Laidlaw, and had gone to earth somewhere.

(Continued on page 16.)

This Week's
Big Treat!

Tense with Drama and Told for the First Time. Dick Turpin's
Earliest Escapades.



The Exploits of the Hero Highwayman at School.

Warm for the Bully.

BARNEY BERNARD jumped about three feet into the air, and in doing so sent his desk shooting across the classroom floor. Unfortunately, Barney occupied a position at the front of the class, and his desk caught the master in the small of the back. Mr. Peter Pindar lurched forward, crashed into the blackboard on which he had been writing, and brought it on top of himself. The board was frail, Mr. Pindar's head was hard. The result was that the master's head went right through the board so that he sat on the floor looking rather like a man in the pillory.

A subdued burst of laughter came from the class. Barney Bernard was rubbing the seat of his breeches. Behind him, Dick Turpin, his clean-cut face broken by a smile, was industriously cleaning a slate.

Barney swung round and made a swipe at Dick, whom he suspected of the trick which had caused the trouble. Skilfully Dick shifted his head, and the flailing fist connected with the ear of Jem Watson, Dick's pal. Within a second the pair of them were on the floor in a rare mix-up.

"Desist! Stop!" shrieked Mr. Pindar, wrenching to get his blackboard off.

As if he had noticed it for the first time, Dick sprang across the room and helped to extricate the master.

"Thank you, Master Turpin," quoth Mr. Pindar, and grabbing up a thick ash-stick, waded into the two scrappers.

Dick almost cheered when he saw that Barney Bernard was getting most of the punishment. For the boy was the bully of the school and never missed an opportunity of beating smaller boys.

The previous day Dick had caught him at his loutish tricks and had decided to make him pay.

He brought to school that morning a small tin containing a live coal wrapped in cloth. It was a "winter warmer," and when Dick, with some difficulty, got it resting on the seat close to Barney's breeches, it was well nigh red hot. And it was no wonder Barney had jumped.

While Mr. Pindar tried to separate Barney and Jem, Dick Turpin surreptitiously dropped the warmer into the glowing fire, adding more coal to hide the tin.

At last the two contestants were on their feet, rubbing at their bruises and weals, while Mr. Pindar demanded an explanation of Barney's unseemly behaviour.

"Dick Turpin burnt me!" the bully whimpered.

"Burnt you? What with?" snapped Mr. Pindar in his thin, grating voice. He was a small, mean-natured man, with glittering, rat-like eyes, who always looked dirty and untidy. Son of well-to-do people, he had quarrelled with his father and taken to the road. So cruel and vicious had been his robberies that the North became too hot for him, and he fled to London. Fear of the gallows made him adopt an honest occupation, and his good education had enabled him to start his school.

All had gone well, until one day he had met a Captain Philip Morris, who had formerly been his partner in crime. This rascal began to blackmail Pindar, threatening to betray him to the Bow Street Runners unless he returned to highwayism. Ever weak-willed, Pindar succumbed, and for some time had spent his nights on the road as a rumpad.

Just now, Dick Turpin thought he had never seen a man look so evil as did Mr. Pindar, when he spun on his heels and grated:

"Did you burn Bernard, Master Turpin?"

"What would I burn him with, sir?" Dick countered.

"I know what it was, sir!" broke in Barney. "I saw Turpin with a warmer, and 'twas that he used on me!"

Dick realised that the game of bluff was up, especially when Barney darted to the fireplace and raked out the tin from the new coals. Turpin, sixteen years of age, and big for it, was no coward. He had made Barney pay, and now he readily held out his hand, while a cheerful grin split his handsome, daredevil face. The schoolmaster, however, swung him round and, with a strength surprising in a man so small, hefted him on to a desk. Then the ash-stick rose and fell mercilessly.

Dick twisted his head and winked over at Jem Watson, who, despite his own hurts, stuffed a kerchief into his mouth to stop himself from laughing. For he knew that Dick Turpin had taken precautions.

What those were might have been seen a little later, when, round a corner of the schoolyard, Dick drew out of his breeches a piece of tin, covered with a sheet of untanned cow's hide!

"'Twas a merry matter, Jem!" Dick chuckled. "But Mr. Pindar has a rare arm for using a stick!"

"'Tis a thing I know," Jem answered. "Art coming out to-night, Dick?"

"Nay," Turpin answered. "Since I am at the school in exchange for being handy-boy, I must clean Mr. Pindar's silver."

At that moment Barney Bernard hurtled round the corner and Dick tried to hide his "shield." Too late! Barney saw the thing, understood what it was, and with a nasty chuckle, tore off to tell Mr. Pindar.

Five minutes later Dick was back in the school and Mr. Pindar was giving him full measure of stripes, plus a few for having deceived him by wearing the shield! Yet Dick took his punishment stoically, and Mr. Pindar gave up at last.

"'Twas told me by your father that your spirit could ne'er be broken," snarled Pindar, his rat-like eyes gleaming wickedly. "But by St. Paul's, I'll break it yet!"

Dick Turpin said nothing. He marched out of the room. Outside he ruefully rubbed the seat of his pants, then went to get on with the silver.

Rumpads Plot.

MR. PINDAR believed in having nicely polished floors in his own rooms, and the job was Dick Turpin's. It occurred to Dick that an extra amount of beeswax and turpentine, highly polished, under the bearskin rug in the schoolmaster's study, would result in what Dick thought would be a deserved punishment for that second, unsportsmanlike thrashing.

That evening, therefore, when Mr. Pindar was out, Dick went to the study and worked until his arms ached. When he had finished, he experimented with the rug. Unfortunately, the experiment was so successful that the rug shot from under Dick, careful though he was, and he landed on his back.

"'I'll work," chuckled Dick.

When he had finished his other jobs about the house, he hastened to the room above Mr. Pindar's study. While cleaning this room, he had found a cunningly hidden trapdoor, which communicated with the study. He was glad now that he had kept the secret to himself, for he would be able to watch, in secret, the result of his jape.

He had not waited long before Mr. Pindar returned, accompanied by Captain Morris. When the rascally pair climbed the stairs to the study, Dick Turpin's eyes were glued to the slightly opened trapdoor.

He had already lighted the candles and the fire. Presently he heard the tinkle of glasses, and a few minutes later Mr. Pindar moved from the fireplace with the boiling kettle. He stepped towards the

table, where Morris stood measuring out punch; Mr. Pindar put one foot on the bearskin rug and—

Whoosh! The rug went from under him, and he crashed to the floor, bringing Captain Morris with him. The kettle flew into the air, splashing boiling water over the precious pair, so that they rolled about howling with pain.

"Thou art a clumsy oaf!" snarled Captain Morris, struggling to his feet. "An I had another to help me to-morrow, i'faith I would have him wi' me 'stead o' you."

Mr. Pindar, rubbing at his scalds, grunted something that kept Dick Turpin at the trap.

"Old Nick take ye," Pindar said, "but I wish ye had another to rumpad with ye instead o' me."

Dick's ears pricked up. What did Mr. Pindar mean? What could he mean but that Morris was a highwayman and Mr. Pindar helped him?

"Hey ho, Peter," he heard Morris say, with a short laugh, "'twas only my fun! There be not a better comrade on th' road than Jeremy—"

"Sssh, you fool," growled Pindar. "Even walls have ears, and none must know who Peter Pindar really is."

"Of a truth, no," chuckled Morris. "Let's clear the mess, or send for Master Turpin to do't for us."

"The boy cannot be in," said Pindar, "else would he ha' come to see what all th' rumpus was about. Doubtless he is sulking over the larruping I gave him to-day." And he recounted the little incident in class.

"Well, Peter, he certainly had the laugh on ye," cried Morris, "but I ha' thought of a plan t' get him on th' road!"

Dick Turpin's heart jumped to his throat at the words. What on earth could Captain Morris mean? He decided to stay where he was in the hope of hearing some more of this strange matter. Pindar and Morris tidied up the room, found more glasses and a jar of punch, and settled themselves down to talk.

At ten o'clock the next night, Morris told Pindar, none other than Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of England, would be crossing Hounslow Heath on his way from Windsor to London. He would be carrying in his chaise about a thousand guineas. Unfortunately there would be two mounted troopers with him, besides the coachee and postillions. But Captain Morris felt sure that he and Mr. Pindar would be able, by surprise tactics, to hold up the coach and secure those thousand guineas.

"Odsblood, Philip," Pindar protested, "but this is a mighty thing ye propose. The Prime Minister his own self! An anything goes wrong 'twill be the triple tree for us. I prithee leave me out!"

"Thou wert not so cautious, Peter," Morris said, sharply, "when we played hightobyman up i' the north! I tell ye, that ye'll come wi' me, or I'll ha' the Runners knocking at your door."

"Have at ye for a blackmailing rascal," growled Pindar. "But ye have me in your hand, and so I must do that you say. I shall have to turn my pupils away for to-morrow, as we must to Hounslow early to lay our plans."

"Ay, early it must be," quoth Morris. "I'll call for ye at about ten o' the clock."

Dick, aware that little more of use would be said, quietly let down the trap, covered it with the rug, and tiptoed downstairs. He went out very quietly, but came in noisily, passing Morris in the passage and giving him "good night!"

As he went up the stairs to his own rooms, Mr. Pindar called him into his study.

"Look ye, Dick," he said, "when next you polish, use not so much beeswax. 'Twas nearly the death

o' me this night, sith the rug slipped. And by the way, I shall be leaving the school to-morrow on business. 'Twill be a day off for you."

"Thank you, sir," Dick answered, and went up to his tiny bedroom, not to sleep, but to ponder over what he had heard.

It was a long time before a wild idea came to him. Openly, he dare do nothing to give Captain Morris and Mr. Pindar away. They might have confederates



Dick chuckled as he saw his jape succeeding.

and such riff-raff would not hesitate to punish an informer. But Dick chuckled to himself as he turned over and went to sleep.

Dick's Trick.

THE next afternoon, Dick Turpin went out of London Town. A mile or so outside London, he relieved a scarecrow of its tattered clothes. In a friendly wood he changed and hid his own clothes. Then he tramped on towards Hounslow Heath.

He had dirtied his face, ruffled his hair and put a small stone in one of his boots which made him limp. He stopped at this inn and that, always looking out for Mr. Pindar and Captain Morris. He found them at last, round about eight o'clock. The men were regaling themselves with a fine dinner in a private room at a tavern.

Dick had learned that Gibbet Wood, where the hold up was to take place, was but a mile beyond the tavern, Windsor way. Dick Turpin set off for it, after having secured a length of rope from the stableyard, and a stout stick which he had whittled to a sharp point at one end.

Arrived at the wood, he waited. The moon went in. The Heath was pitch dark.

Presently, he heard

the sounds of hoofs and soon two horsemen rode into the wood.

"Half-an-hour we ha' to wait," Dick heard Captain Morris say. "Remember, 'tis a case of shooting the two soldiers, for they'll be well mounted, and if aught goes wrong we'd be hard put to it to get away. A ball to bring down one of the chaise horses will complete the trick for us."

"All right," Mr. Pindar growled. Dick thought the man was not fancying the job very much.

The highwaymen were well inside the wood. Dick heard them as they bound their horses' mouths so that they could make no sound when the chaise approached. While the men were doing this, Dick put his rope loosely round the trunk of a tree, just behind them and waited until one of the horses lifted up a restive foot. Quietly, Dick reached out and put on the ground one end of the rope, already noosed. A short time later he had done the same to the other horse, and had squirmed softly out of the way, after gently drawing the loops closer.

In the gloom of the wood, Dick lay waiting until he heard the rattle and rumble of wheels, and saw lights bobbing in the distance. The chaise was coming!

"Art ready?" he heard Morris ask. "Let there be no fumbling, Peter! Jeremy Ketch doth not fumble!"

"Stop your cursed harping on Jeremy Ketch!" snarled Pindar. "I was a tolyman before you had the pluck to snatch a purse!"

Morris chuckled softly. A few moments later, when the chaise was almost abreast of the wood, the highwaymen spoke quietly to their horses. On the instant, the animals moved forward—and Dick heard the sharp twang as the rope round the horses' legs drew taut.

The horses were jerked to an abrupt halt. With a howl, Morris was flung over his animal's head, out



CATCHING IT HOT.—Mr. Pindar stepped on to the rug covering the highly polished floor, his feet shot from under him and the kettle went flying, splashing hot water over his companion.

from the trees into the glare thrown by the lamps on the chaise.

Mr. Pindar was more fortunate, in a way. Instead of going over his steed's head he flopped on to its neck, but, as the animal reared, he slid backwards and crashed to the ground.

Dick now saw that Morris had scrambled to his feet. The highwayman's pistol cracked, and one of the two mounted men riding beside the chaise tumbled from his horse. The coachmen and the postillions cracked their whips, and the second trooper fired at Morris. The villain, however, spun round and made for the trees again. Dick, alarmed that he might be discovered, crouched low on the ground—and saw Pindar hacking at the rope, which he had discovered, with his sword. A moment later, the schoolmaster was up in his saddle again and, digging in his spurs, rode from the wood in the direction from which the chaise had come.

Dick decided that the hold-up was going to be a failure. He also decided that someone might come in and search the wood. Therefore, it behoved him to be a-missing. He saw Morris run up to his horse and slice through the rope; as Dick sped from cover, the highwayman spotted him.

Thinking this might be someone of Walpole's party, who had perhaps learnt about the hold-up, Morris sprang at Dick. Turpin turned, saw Morris' sword flash and, next moment, had engaged him with his pointed stick.

Morris's sword missed the thrust he made at Dick, and with a deft twist Dick sent the blade flying from the rumpad's grasp, just as a trooper and a postillion came dashing into the wood.

Here was likely trouble for Dick—if he didn't get away. He sprang at Morris, drove him back, almost into the arms of the trooper, and then leapt on to the back of the tobyman's horse. Dick's heels dug in the animal's sides and it raced madly through the wood, in the direction taken by Mr. Pindar. As he rode, Dick felt what he knew was a musket in the saddle-boot of the horse: it might come in useful later on!

He heard a shot behind him, but no ball whistled past his head. Then there was silence, broken presently by the sound of horse's hoofs behind. There was also the rumble of wheels. Dick glanced back, and saw the bobbing lights.

"The chaise is going off," he gasped. "Then who is this following me?"

He wondered if it were Morris, or one of the trooper's horses, or whether it were one of the soldiers. Dick drove the mount he was on as hard as he could—and Mr. Pindar, hearing the thud-thud of hoofs, thought he was being pursued. He turned and his pistol cracked: the ball whistled past Dick's head.

Dick went low on his horse now, swerved the animal to the left, and went helter-skelter across the Heath. But the pursuer still held on—after Dick.

LIGHTNING FIST!

(Continued from page 12.)

The week passed uneventfully and Jimmy and Laidlaw put in some hard training at the Stadium. This was the first appearance of the Big League teams in the Cup, and the Stadium was packed to capacity when the red and white shirts of Sunderland ran on to the field on the Saturday afternoon.

A roar which shook the stands greeted the appearance of the Swifts as big Bob Hawkins led them on to the field and punted a ball towards the posts.

A few moments of muscle easing, then the referee called the rival captains together, a coin was spun, and it took the Sunderland captain the fraction of a second to indicate which way his team would kick.

From the kick-off, Sunderland took possession, the ball was pushed out to the left wing and the red and white jerseys swept down the field, the ball passing from man to man with perfect precision.

But the magic and skilful hands of Jimmy Dunn frustrated the crashing shot which ended the movement and for a time the struggle was confined to midfield.

Behind the Sunderland goal in the forefront of the crowd was Mr. Ed Gurk and his pals.

"Wait till the second half," he was saying, guardedly. "Wait till we git that sap, Dunn, in front of us!"

And in the second half he had Jimmy in front of him. The Swifts were then leading by one goal to nil, scored by their inside left after forty minutes play.

Determined to wipe out the deficit, Sunderland opened the second half with a storming attack on the Swifts goal, and as the outside right came racing in with the ball, Gurk cautiously drew a heavy and handkerchief covered air pistol from his pocket.

The movement was carefully shielded from the crowd by his companions. With a grin on his lips, Gurk's finger curled round the trigger, as the outside right pushed the ball forward.

Like a flash the Sunderland centre-forward crashed the ball hard and high towards the top right-hand

corner of the net. Anticipating the shot, Jimmy leapt with hands upflung. But as he did so something struck him with agonising force in the side.

With a groan the boy fell heavily, then dazedly got to his feet and picked the ball out of the back of the net, while the ground rocked to the cheers of the Sunderland fans.

Ten minutes later Sunderland scored again. From the Swifts' supporters point of view it was a stupid goal, Jimmy hopelessly fumbling a long dropping shot which the veriest novice could have cleared.

But what the supporters did not know was that as Jimmy had jumped to hold the ball, something had again struck him in the back, paralysing him.

"Waal, I guess that's fixed this result," grinned Mr. Gurk, slipping the pistol back into his pocket. "The Swifts want two to win and they'll never get 'em!"

And that's just where the gangster was wrong. Rendered desperate by the reverse, and realising that for some extraordinary reason they could no longer rely on their goalie, the Swifts' forwards and backs played such skilful and inspired football that they levelled the scores five minutes from time.

With two minutes to go the Swifts attack, led by A. V. Laidlaw, swept down again on the Sunderland goal, the ball was shoved out to the right, centred, and the head of the brilliant amateur international turned it into the net, to see the Swifts into the next round of the Cup.

"What on earth was wrong with you, Jimmy?" asked half a dozen of the team in the dressing-room.

"I don't know," replied Jimmy, grimly, pulling off his jersey and turning to the trainer. "What d'you make of these bruises, Jack?" he asked.

Jack Roberts, the trainer, looked at the livid, red weals and broken flesh.

"By gum!" he said, raising a startled face. "If you ask me, the lad's been shot at with some heavy pellets!"

"Our friends again, eh?" said A. V. Laidlaw. "The sooner we put that bunch out of action, Jimmy, the better!"

"Ods me," quoth Dick to himself, "this is a sorry matter. An I be caught up with, and the fellow be a trooper, 'twill be hard to prove I am an honest lad! Pindar and Morris wouldn't help me at all!"

He chuckled and drew the musket from the saddle-boot, stayed his horse for a second or two, turned in the saddle, and fired. His faith that it was ready primed proved right, for the weapon went off with a crash. More than that, the ball did damage, for

Dick allowed Pindar to go ahead. The horse was only going at a sharp walk. Dick leapt to his feet in the darkness. Pindar heard him, but before he could do anything, Dick Turpin sprang into the air, and brought his musket down on Pindar's head. The schoolmaster tumbled off the horse without even a yelp. Fortunately, his feet shot out of the stirrups, and the horse trotted away. Dick Turpin went after it, and succeeded in catching it. He climbed into the saddle—and rode towards London.



there was a cry from the pursuing horse, an angry shout from the rider, and then the animal went down with a heavy thud.

"Ods me," quoth Dick, a little shakily, "but I have brought down a trooper—a king's man! Me-thinks I get rid of the horse as soon as possible."

He kept the horse going a while longer, then sprang off it while it ran on, slapped it on the withers, and darted off into the night in another direction. He still kept Captain Morris's musket, for, used as a bludgeon, it would come in useful.

Actually, Dick found a very excellent use for it. He made a wide detour back to the road. He walked along it until he came at last to the wood, in which he had hidden his own clothes. He changed back into them, then set off again for London.

Farther on, he heard the sound of a horse behind him. He flung himself down flat on the ground and waited. The horse was coming across the country, not along the rough road. It occurred to Dick that it might be Mr. Peter Pindar hurrying towards London, after making a detour which would carry him away from the tavern.

The schoolmaster had a certain wheeziness and as the horseman drew near to where Dick was lying, the latter recognised it!

"Ods take me," Dick grated. "It means the rascal will be home before me!"

THE HOLD-UP HOAX.—As the rumpads spurred forward, the ropes about their horses' legs tightened, bringing the animals up with a jerk and pitching the highwaymen from the saddle.

"An Mr. Pindar be found," Dick chortled, "he'll be hard put to it to explain what he was doing that way this night!"

Dick rode as near to London as he dared. He set the horse free then, threw away the musket and finished his journey on foot. He was in the house off Newgate long before dawn: and when Mr. Peter Pindar entered, he was hard at work.

"Ah, good morning, Master Turpin!" said Mr. Pindar. "Hast had any callers for me?"

"None, sir," said Dick Turpin.

"Tell the boys," said Mr. Pindar, "that my business demands me again to-day. Here is a shilling, Master Turpin, to buy yourself food."

"Thankee, sir," said Dick, and, as Pindar walked off, wondered what the fellow was up to.

Actually, Mr. Pindar watched the school for visitors. For he was worried about the person who had frustrated the hold-up.

As no one except the scholars showed up at the house during the day, Mr. Pindar risked going back and the next morning greeted his class smilingly.

Thrilling, eh, chaps? But wait until you get on to **THE RACING HIGHWAYMAN** in next week's **CHAMPION**—on sale Monday, January 15th.

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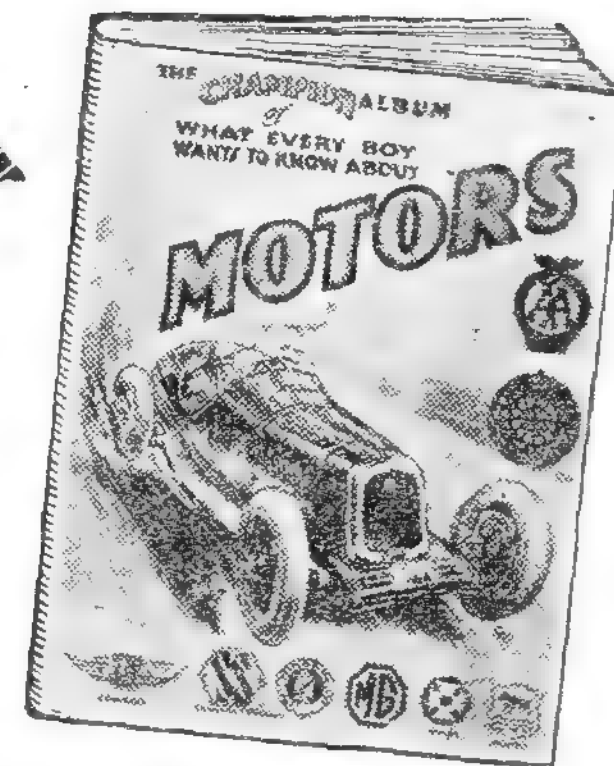
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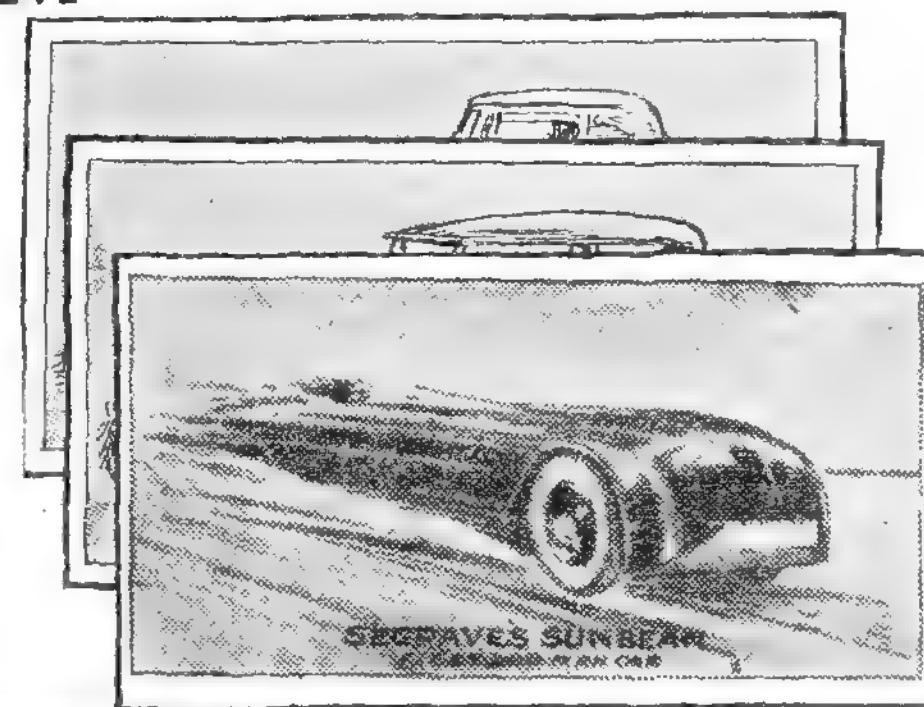
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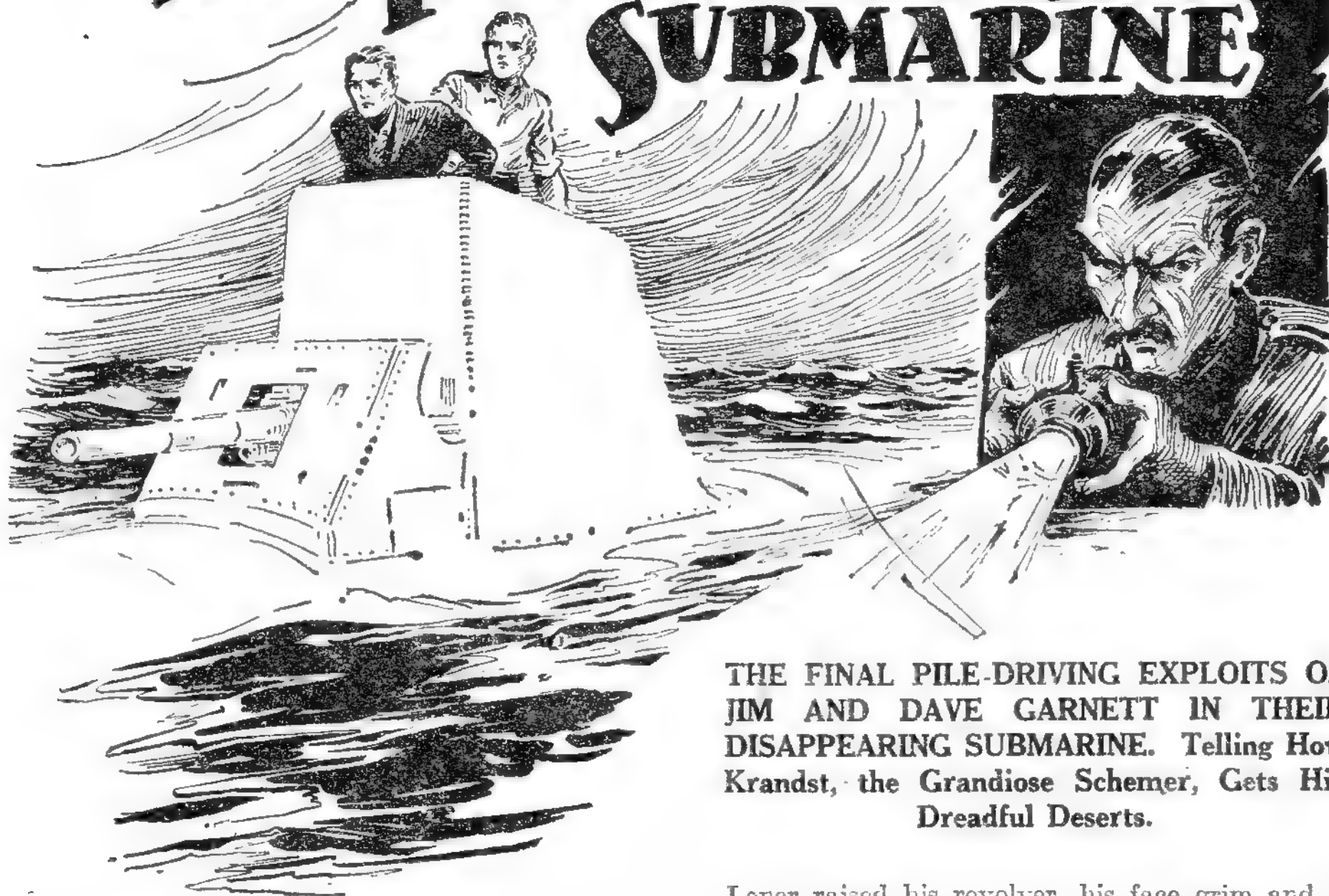
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CHAMPION

THE UNDERSEA CITY ATTACKED BY AN INVISIBLE FLEET!

The INVISIBLE SUBMARINE



THE FINAL PILE-DRIVING EXPLOITS OF JIM AND DAVE GARNETT IN THEIR DISAPPEARING SUBMARINE. Telling How Krandst, the Grandiose Schemer, Gets His Dreadful Deserts.

Fighting Free.

A CROSS a great undersea diving-bell, the lair of Krandst, the man who meant to rule the world, raced four figures; Dave and Jim Garnett, their father, John Garnett, the famous aviator, and Noga, the gigantic Zulu.

Running between lines of towering factories, where Krandst was constructing super armaments to conquer the nations of the earth, the four adventurers approached the foot of the elevator shaft. This led to a cargo vessel, anchored on the Atlantic's surface, and was the only means of exit from the bell.

Dave and Jim tensely gripped their strange weapons—projectors of Krandst's deadly Yellow Ray, which dissolved into thin air anything on which it was turned. Somehow, they had to win through in order to warn the world of Krandst's diabolical plans.

As they swung round an angle of one of the giant buildings they came face to face with Francis Lener, Krandst's aide-de-camp, leading a party of armed guards.

Lener commanded them to stop and surrender. Instead Jim and Dave raised their deadly weapons. A touch of the buttons, blue flame stabbed from the muzzles, and two of the guards vanished like puffs of smoke dissolved completely by the terrible Yellow Ray.

The remainder broke and ran for cover, so great was their terror. Only Lener defiantly stood his ground, a revolver in his hand.

Filled with admiration for this strange courageous foe, Dave and Jim let the projectors drop to their sides. Noga, the Zulu, leapt forward, however, with a bellow.

Lener raised his revolver, his face grim and set, and a bullet streaked Noga's cheek with crimson. Next moment Krandst's hireling was whirled above the Zulu's head and sent crashing to the ground in a crumpled, inert heap.

"On, Incubu!" Noga roared, addressing John Garnett. "See how they fall before the mighty arm of a son of the Ignosi."

A few paces took them to the guard-house, built around the foot of the elevator shaft. Another party of soldiers barred their path, but again the boys' ray-projectors sent them scuttling terror-stricken for cover.

Then they were stepping into the elevator, even as a horde of soldiers, armed with ray-projectors, and led by Krandst himself, came racing towards the scene.

John Garnett operated the switches, and the express lift went shooting upwards in the nick of time.

In those tense minutes as they ascended towards the open-air and freedom, it seemed scarcely possible to Jim and Dave that but a few days before they had left England in the Invisible Submarine to attempt to rescue their father from the clutches of Krandst.

John Garnett had been forced down near the bell, while attempting to break the record for a round-the-world flight. Krandst had made him a prisoner, and attempted to extort from him the secret of the Invisible Submarine.

He had sent Francis Lener to England to lure the boys and the wonder-craft, which was capable of a speed of thirty m.p.h. below the surface, and about fifty on the surface, to Krandst's lair.

From the moment they had reached the bell they had been plunged into whirlwind adventures. With the aid of Noga, a slave under Krandst, who had been saved by John Garnett from death by the

Yellow Ray, they had managed to outwit the arch-fiend.

At last the elevator stopped with a jerk, and they piled out into the hold of the cargo steamer which effectually cloaked the entrance to Krandst's stronghold.

"Quick on to the deck," growled John Garnett, "Krandst and those guards, with ray-projectors, will be up directly."

They stumbled up to the deck. There, an amazing sight met their eyes. For a mile round the steamer a kind of artificial harbour, constructed of reinforced concrete, had been erected. Inside this barrier floated great battleships, torpedo boats, seaplanes, and upon floating rafts of immense dimensions stood tanks, heavy guns, all in process of construction or testing.

A husky brute of a guard challenged them as they reached the open-air. Others came racing along the deck. Bullets hummed and whined about them.

"Look out, dad," panted Dave, "they're firing on us. Those ray-projectors will——!"

The engines hummed to life. The Submarine began to move steadily through the water towards the entrance of the artificial harbour.

"Don't worry, boys," grunted John Garnett, "the Yellow Ray can't harm us in here, because the electric ray which makes the Submarine invisible, is proof against Krandst's invention."

The boys gasped with amazement, and back aboard the steamer, Krandst was crying shrilly with baffled fury, as the Invisible Submarine escaped into the open sea, bound for Great Britain.

Surrender or Die.

GREAT BRITAIN'S war lords were gathered in the quiet sanctuary of Whitehall.

Sir Norman Garratt, from his position behind his great desk, could not keep incredulous amazement out of his voice as he faced John Garnett, Dave and Jim, and Noga.

"Gentlemen," John Garnett was saying, "you have heard my story. You have seen these deadly ray-projectors which give credence in my statements. Now it is up to Great Britain and the nations of the world to ally themselves against Krandst. Gentlemen, in four days' time Krandst means to strike."

SKY-HIGH CITY.—The submarines dived on the undersea city and rained terrible high-explosive shells on Krandst's headquarters.

The inventor rapped a swift order to the boys, who raised their projectors. Every second counted. The opposition had to be overcome instantly.

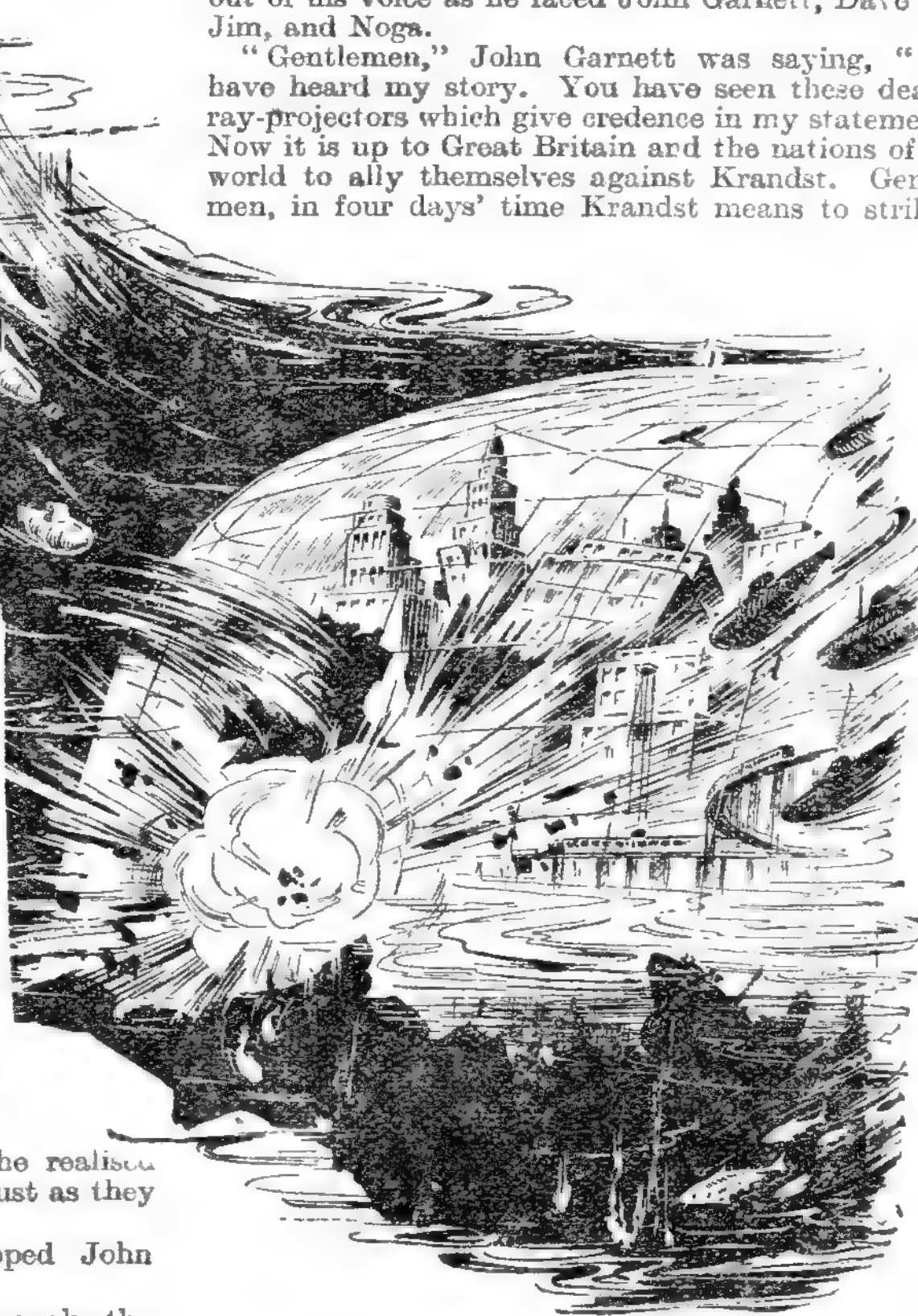
Again the Yellow Ray did its terrible work. The guards melted into nothingness. Then the four adventurers made a dash for the spot, where the boys had left the Invisible Submarine.

Dave gave a quick gasp of relief as he realised that it was still there; still visible, too, just as they had left the craft.

"Quick, over the side, boys!" rapped John Garnett.

Noga squeezed his massive body through the narrow conning-tower in their wake. The inventor touched switches to set the engines in motion. They answered perfectly, and Garnett gave a sigh of satisfaction. Evidently nothing had been interfered with.

Then, as Jim snapped the conning-tower flat shut, a horde of Krandst's soldiers, led by the arch-fiend himself, poured up on deck. Twenty ray-projectors were directed upon the Submarine. At the same moment, John Garnett touched the switch which made the Submarine invisible.



There was a moment's tense silence; then Sir Norman rose to his feet. Ere he could speak, however, the door crashed open, and an excited official hurried into the room bearing a flimsy sheet of paper.

Sir Norman read it swiftly; his face paled and his voice was hoarse with apprehension.

"Gentlemen, we are too late!" he announced, in ringing tones. "Krandst has already issued his ultimatum. His armada has set sail for these shores. He means to strike at Great Britain first. Krandst has declared war!"

Consternation reigned instantly among the grey-headed aristocrats. Then John Garnett's voice brought a tense silence.

"There is only one thing to do, gentlemen," he announced. "Every submarine Britain possesses must be fitted with my invisibility ray, which will also protect them and their crews from the yellow peril!"

"Yes, yes," agreed Sir Norman, "but there is no time. Krandst is on his way. You seem to forget that?"

"He must be delayed," the engineer retorted curtly. "I shall leave at once—in the Invisible Submarine. In some way I will stay Krandst's progress. Meanwhile factories and laboratories must work night and day to manufacture apparatus and fit out the submarine flotillas. There is no time to lose, gentlemen, so with your permission I will withdraw."

"Mr. Garnett," cried Sir Norman, emotion in his voice, as he thrust out his hand to the inventor, "the fate of the world and of your country lies in your two hands. Good luck—and God speed!"

As the inventor hastened from the room, the boys and Noga following, Jim cried: "We're coming, dad. You can't carry out this stunt alone!"

Noga boomed agreement. "I come, too, Incubu! It is well!"

And the three of them tumbled into the tonneau of the inventor's racing car. Nothing John Garnett could say, would make them turn back.

Two hours later, the Invisible Submarine was speeding at fifty miles an hour across the broad Atlantic to meet Krandst's armada.

Jim was operating the powerful radio which the Submarine carried. Tense with excitement, he took down the messages which continually reached them, telling of Krandst's remorseless progress.

France, Germany, Spain, Italy, America, all had sent their squadrons of fighting 'planes to cripple Krandst. And the terrible Yellow Ray had exterminated them all. Every 'plane, every pilot had been dissolved into thin air.

Ships, too, had been sunk, crews destroyed ruthlessly. And ceaselessly, Krandst's ultimatum to the world went humming through the ether.

Surrender or die!

Towards the end of the second day they came in sight of Krandst's armada.

The boys' hearts sank as they stared at that awful array of battleships, troopships, vessels carrying every conceivable kind of ammunition and lethal weapon, besides the dreadful Yellow Ray. Above the armada flew squadrons of 'planes, filled with poison-gas bombs, and others containing a composition similar to that of the Ray.

"How can we possibly stop 'em?" gasped Jim.

Suddenly Dave bent forward. "I've got an idea," he burst out. "It's a desperate chance, but it may work. Listen!"

The other three bent their ears in tense silence until Dave had finished speaking.

"Grab Krandst, himself, eh?" the inventor questioned. He thought swiftly. "Jove, Dave, you are right."

Some minutes later the Invisible Submarine was stealing unseen and unheard, because of its noiseless engines through the enemy ranks. Krandst's flagship, bearing the arch-fiend's colours, was plainly visible. The inventor slid the wonder craft alongside.

Leaving the inventor at the controls to cover a speedy get-away, Dave, Jim and the Zulu swarmed up a rope ladder which hung from the vessel, and boarded her unobserved under cover of darkness, which was falling rapidly.

For minutes they crouched in the shadow of a ship's boat. The sound of hoarse orders reached them, followed by the noise of myriads of running feet. The decks were being cleared for action. A squadron of French cruisers were approaching.

As the boys moved cautiously along the deck, a first thunderous broadside shook the great vessel and sent them all staggering.

"Here lies our path, O Great Ones," muttered the Zulu, his eyes glittering. "Soon now the son of the Ignosi shall face the Evil One, and he shall die! It is well!"

"That's not the idea at all, Noga," remonstrated Dave. "We want old Krandst alive and kicking—get me?"

As Dave finished speaking he gripped the Zulu's arm. They stood outside a steel door, beyond which they could hear Krandst's shrill voice uttering commands.

"Got your ray-ejector ready, Jim!" he hissed, and his brother nodded, as another mighty broadside shook the ship from stem to stern.

Then Dave thrust open the door and stepped inside, followed by Jim and Noga, Krandst was snarling to Francis Lener, his aide-de-camp:

"Fools to think that they can defy me." He laughed shrilly. "Sunk; all of them. Why——?"

Krandst swung round, gibbering with fury and astonishment, as he stared at the intruders.

"Don't move, Krandst, or you Lener!" Dave shouted. "We've got you covered!"

Krandst's eyes flickered with a strange fear, as he gazed into the ominous muzzles of the ray projectors.

Lener was made of sterner stuff, however. He leapt, a revolver clubbed. He sent Dave staggering back, ere Noga, with a roar of joy, swung his huge fist and the aide-de-camp sank senseless to the floor.

"It is well!" the Zulu gloated, his nostrils dilated, as Dave marched Krandst towards the door.

"Now, Krandst," he snapped, "if we meet anyone, we're friends of yours! Understand? Betray us, and you know what to expect. Follow up, Jim, and keep him covered. March, Krandst!"

White and quivering with fury, Krandst was compelled to march up on deck. He was thrust unceremoniously over the side, and forced to enter the interior of the Invisible Submarine.

"Now," said John Garnett, having given the boys and Noga a few words of praise, "you're coming back home with us, Krandst."

Krandst laughed mockingly. "And before then the world will have surrendered," he boasted. "Nothing can defeat the Yellow Ray. Nothing can stand up against my armada."

"Jim," ordered Garnett, "send a radio message to say we've captured Krandst, in code, of course—and that they're not to surrender at any cost."

Dave had Krandst covered, while Jim carried out his instructions. Garnett himself operated the controls, while the massive Zulu did his best to squeeze his great body into a corner out of the way. The Invisible Submarine began to creep away through the enemy ranks.

"And now, Krandst," commanded John Garnett, when Jim had finished, "you're going to radio an order to cease firing, and to stop progress, understand?"

Krandst sneered. "And if I refuse?"

Garnett nodded towards the Yellow Ray projectors. "Not a pleasant death, Krandst!" he reminded him.

Krandst blanched; his shrill voice shook a little.

"Very well," he surrendered, "I agree!"

With glittering, hate-filled eyes, he began to speak. The message was in code. By now the Invisible

(Continued on page 32.)

A GRAND 'TEC YARN OF THE BIG WOODS, FEATURING RANGER DAN,
THE SLEUTH OF THE SNOWS.



Fighting From The
Inferno.

"SOMETHING'S happened to Dan!" Jim Hazel, the young owner of the Four Aces logging outfit, gasped the words fearfully. Some hunch was working within him, telling him with dreadful certainty that his rugged Ranger pal was trapped in the blaze ahead.

Jim was woodsman enough to fear a forest fire as he feared nothing else. But he was telling himself he must not desert Dan now. Dan was caught by their enemies, who had started the fire. Sard Caig—he was infernal villain enough for it. Giving up hope, no doubt, of stealing Jim Hazel's timber, he had set fire to it.

Jim got on the motor-cycle combination, on which he and Ranger Dan had been travelling when the forest blaze had attracted Ranger Dan's attention. With a kick he started the engine up.

There was scarcely any path ahead of him through the tall firs, but Jim, conquering his wild inclination to flee, sent the motor-cycle into the dense, acrid clouds of smoke.

As he bumped on Jim kept glancing behind to reassure himself that a way of retreat lay open. His plan was to find Ranger Dan and effect that retreat as hastily as possible.

He did not guess that Sard Caig, the crooked lumber boss of the Big Woods, had laid the forest Ranger out with an axe hurled from behind, and that even now Ranger Dan, trussed hand and foot, was lying in a hollow oak, in dire peril of being burned to death.

Sard Caig's object was twofold. He hated the big rugged Ranger with a hatred that had long gone hungry for revenge, and to wipe out the score he had plotted this terrible form of death.

More important, however, the forest fire was meant to smoke out Soup Slattery, the crook who was

Plotting and Intrigue in the Frozen
Lumberlands.

BIG THRILLS BELOW, BOYS!

hiding in the forest with the priceless Raveling rubies in his possession.

The theft of the Raveling rubies had been planned by Sard Caig—Soup Slattery, the cracksman who had carried it out, was only an instrument, and that he should turn against his master and try to keep the jewels was a monstrous thing.

That was what Soup Slattery had done, and with considerable success, with his mysterious white wolf dog. Ranger Dan was after the jewels and evidence against Sard Caig. And that arch-conspirator was now becoming desperate, for he knew that the Law was coming in force to the forest.

Jim Hazel was not thinking of Sard Caig, however, for he was fighting against his own very natural fear of fire. He plunged on, twisting the cycle combination round the trees, racked by violent fits of coughing—but determined to go on, even to his doom, if he could not find his pal.

"Dan!" he shouted again and again frantically. "Dan, are you there?"

No answer, save the fierce crackling of the fire branches. The fair-haired youngster was shivering with uncontrollable excitement. Only those who have heard the fierce elemental roar of a big blaze close at hand, have felt the heat of it, can know what fear of fire is. But Jim Hazel stood his ground.

"Dan!" he shouted. "Where are you?"

For answer two flitting figures, half-screened by the smoke and flames, advanced at a mad run from either side.

"Sard Caig!" shouted Jim—"and one of his jackals!"

He knew that they were out to get him. Knew in a flash that Ranger Dan had met with some terrible fate that was not the result of an accident. And he was

likely to share that fate, to be roasted alive in the forest!

"Dan!"

There came an answer this time to his frantic shout. Ranger Dan, lying trussed up in the hollow oak, had managed by fierce chewing to work his gag partially free—enough to loose a stifled shout.

"Run for it, Jim boy. Git help!" he shouted in as reassuring a voice as he could contrive. "I'm all right. Git th' Rangers."

A stifled curse came from Sard Caig as Ranger Dan's game defiance rang in his ears. If there was one man he feared, even when he was bound up, it was Ranger Dan McGrew.

It made the crook lumber king more savagely determined to get Jim Hazel—though as far as that was concerned the lad was a mere pawn in the game, a pawn all but swept off the board. He was wanted by the State for the killing of Carl Zimler. The lad had written a confession in the belief that he had killed that ruffian of the woods—but really Sard Caig had slain his quarrelsome henchman who wanted a share in the rubies.

Sard Caig could afford to let events take their course with Jim Hazel.

The young lumber boss, hearing that shout from Ranger Dan, hastily lugged the motor-bike round. His spirit rebelled even now against leaving Dan.

"No good the two of us——" he muttered wildly. "I've got to get help."

It was a course with which Dan, lying trussed in the hollow oak, thoroughly would have approved. Save for smoke and flying embers, he was not in immediate danger. He shouted again in encouragement to his pal to escape.

"Bolt for it, Jim boy!"

Jim Hazel took it as the last word. And the motor-cycle combination leapt back on the path it had come. Jim, bending low, wrenched at the handlebars, his body shaking as if with fever as he strove to get clear.

Sard Caig and his henchman suddenly drew back, appalled. They disappeared into the smoke. A fiendish red tongue of fire darted at Jim from every side, and he could scarce see the trees through the clouds of smoke, yet he opened throttle, bumping, lurching, wrenching round the trees, averting mishap each time as if by a miracle.

Ah! Now a straight path ahead through the trees, with the contending sheets of flame on either side striving to dovetail. With engine roaring, the motor-cycle combination tore along that path.

And then suddenly Jim caught sight of his enemies again, one on either side of the aisle of trees. And he sensed rather than saw the rope stretched taut across the path. In another moment he would hit that rope—he could not stop!

With a sharp cry he reached down into the motor-cycle car—smitten by a sudden inspiration—and his hand encountered the handle of a short axe. In a speeding flash of light the axe travelled—and Jim's strangled cry changed to one of triumph.

The taut rope twanged—snapped asunder and the halves whipped back like coiling snakes.

Jim was through at hurtling speed.

Between Two Fires.

THE fair-haired youngster was clear, tearing along the ice travoy trail through the woods in imminent danger of a death-skid, yet holding to his break-neck speed.

Sard Caig and his ruffian were left shouting hoarse curses.

Yet once his head had cleared of the excitement

a little, Jim Hazel faced facts. And they brought a deadly sinking of his heart.

He was between the devil and the deep sea! Behind was the blaze, with Ranger Dan at its mercy—the thought tore his heart! Ahead, if he went on, he would reach the river again, and would meet the Rangers. Could he face them, and tell his tale, with a murder charge hanging over him?

No! He knew they would not listen. And how could he make them believe that Ranger Dan had not been drowned in the river, that he was still alive, yet in danger?

With a sickening certainty Jim knew that he could never make the Rangers believe him, until it was too late.

Then what was he to do? If he branched off to the right, the motor-cycle would emerge from the woods on to the snow-locked plains. High ridges of snow made them impassable; the motor-cycle would quickly become bogged.

Nevertheless the youngster turned his roaring machine in that direction.

For now he was thinking as hard as he had ever done in his life. He had got to save Dan—that was the thought that dinned in his brain.

And what better than to keep close to Sard Caig. "Confound him," gritted Jim. "He thinks I've run away. But I'll find out what he's up to. He's snowed up, too, with the blazing forest behind, the river and the Rangers on one side, and the snow-locked plains between him and the city. I'll watch his move."

Which was pretty smart of Jim Hazel. He was desperately cool now, though he drove at a furious pace out of the forest into the intense cold of the plains.

The cycle-car soon bogged up. It hurtled in perilous skids down a long slope, but refused to mount the knoll on the further side. For it charged into a snow-bank, almost burying itself, with a great hissing and steaming.

Jim clambered off panting—but still thinking fast, as he struggled through snow up to his shoulders.

It took Jim Hazel nearly an hour to reach the snow-clad top of the knoll. And his heart sang like a wild harp, though danger to Dan threatened.

He could see the forest fire now. It was what was known as a "crown blaze." That is, the tops of the trees were running fire. Dangerous enough, if there happened to be a wind. But there was no wind.

And he noted that the forest blaze was running in a line, cutting off retreat by the river.

Why had Sard Caig fired the forest in this way? Jim was puzzling over that. Was Ranger Dan free and able to move about in the forest? Was Sard Caig trying to capture him?

Jim did not know of course that Dan was bound hand and foot in a hollow tree. And that it was Soup Slattery and his wolf dog that the lumber king was trying to smoke out. Soup Slattery, the unkempt, bearded mysterious crook who had got hold of the jewels!

As Jim looked around a sudden, terse breath escaped from between his teeth. On the far side of the slope he saw two dark blobs under the grey sky, moving, struggling through the snow-drifts.

"Sard Caig!" the boy hammered out, "with the other infernal blackguard!"

Every nerve tingled in the lad now. It suddenly dawned on him where the villain was making with his henchman. "He's heading for the big log buildings where he kept the snow plough!" the boy snapped.

The decision to follow was swiftly made. He knew Sard Caig could not get back to Saginaw City and

civilisation. What then was he up to, making away from the blaze he had started?

Holed Up.

IF Jim Hazel had known all that had taken place in the forest prior to his and Ranger Dan's arrival on the motor-cycle combination, he would have known how very right he was in trailing Sard Caig.

But he did not know. He did not know, for instance, that the Raveling rubies had been snatched from Sard Caig and that they were now in the possession of the mysterious Soup Slattery, White Lobo's master. And Soup Slattery had holed up in a shanty, with every window barred.

A very efficient marksman with a Remington rifle, Soup Slattery had held Sard Caig's ruffians at bay.

That was the real reason why the crime boss, frantically anxious to get the rubies before the Rangers came, had fired the forest. His capture of Ranger Dan had been a pure stroke of good fortune from his point of view.

One of the men had fired his timber top before his axe had brought it down, and that was what had caused the "crown" fire in the forest.

Even now Soup Slattery might save himself and the magnificent white husky who stood by his side with great tongue lolling, by simply making a dash for it across the blazing carpet of firs.

But the mysterious Soup Slattery was too wise for that. He had in his possession rubies of value untold, and he had been to a lot of trouble to get them. He guessed that Sard Caig had marksmen hiding in the safer parts of the forest, and that he would be shot down if he came out of cover.

Soup Slattery preferred to be burnt in the forest. It would give Sard Caig infinitely more trouble in recovering the rubies.

With the frightening roar of the flames drowning everything, Soup Slattery took stock of his situation. And he acknowledged he was in the tightest corner he had ever known.

Thoughtfully he surveyed his bearded, ill-kempt face in a piece of cracked glass hanging on the wall.



HURLING FROM THE HOLOCAUST.—Jim swung the axe and then let out a yell of triumph as it cut through the rope barrier, leaving clear the way out of the inferno.

The mysterious Soup Slattery, crouched in the shanty, with the roar and crackle of the flames in his ears, believed that his hour was nigh.

For the shanty had started to burn.

It was in a comparatively clear space in the woods, but all around it were piled blazing firs, which had caused the fire to travel to the resinous logs of the shanty.

Sard Caig's ruffianly crew of lumberjacks had not been able to approach near enough to the shanty to pile brush around it with their own hands.

What they had done was to climb the firs some twenty yards, and top the giant trees with their axes. These timber tops—great twenty-foot firs in themselves—had crashed down around the shanty.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed in disgust at the reflection the mirror gave him.

It might not have been thought so by his rags and appearance, but Mr. Soup Slattery was secretly a most fastidious person.

The thought came to him that, as it was evidently his day to die, he might at least die like a gentleman. Accordingly he went to a kitbag lying on a table in the shanty and took therefrom a case containing a bright new razor. There was a hint of a scarlet jacket to be seen in the kitbag as he opened it. Mr. Soup Slattery intended to dress swell.

But coming back to the cracked mirror, he hesitated and suddenly took a new resolve. There was still a hope, surely.

"You, Carlos!" he said whimsically, looking down at the great white husky dog. The splendid animal pricked up his ears.

His ragged master knelt by his side. "You're the last hope, Carlos," he almost whispered. "You're going to make a dash for it through the woods. After all, why should you lose your life. And if you meet anyone, a friend—you know the help signal, Carlos."

The magnificent police dog gave a short, sharp bark. He understood his master.

A moment later he dashed out of the burning shanty and through the forest like a streak of white lightning.

His master picked up a spade and returned to the digging of a hole he had made in the earthen floor of the shanty. The flames were crackling and roaring all round him; part of the blazing roof was caving in. But as he crouched down in the hole, dragging down the earth upon himself, Soup Slattery still held on to hope. That was his way.

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SCARLET STREAMERS!

(Continued from page 36.)

And make it they did—somehow.

Every man of No. 48 Squadron was out on the field when the wabbling Spad came fluttering in.

* * * * *

It was high noon the next day before Captain Harry Wilson and Lieutenant Bill Arnold awoke in their cubicle.

"Well, we made it, old boy," beamed Arnold.

"We?" spluttered the flight commander. "You mean you made it. What the dickens is that?"

He pointed to a sheet of typewritten paper pinned on the wall. Beneath it was a small package wrapped in oiled silk and suspended by a light cord.

Arnold scrambled out of bed and went across the room. The paper was a copy of squadron orders. The package was addressed to him. He went over and sat on the side of Wilson's bed. Together they read the orders. Half-way down came the item: "Promotions":

Wilson, Harry, Captain, R.F.C., to be gazetted Major from this date and to take command of No. 48 Squadron, replacing Major Hubert Kitteredge, who is transferred to Fourth Wing.

Arnold, William, Lieutenant, R.F.C., to be gazetted Captain from this date and take command of "B" Flight, No. 48 Squadron, R.F.C.

"Why, what's up?" inquired Wilson, grabbing Bill by the arm. "What's in the package?"

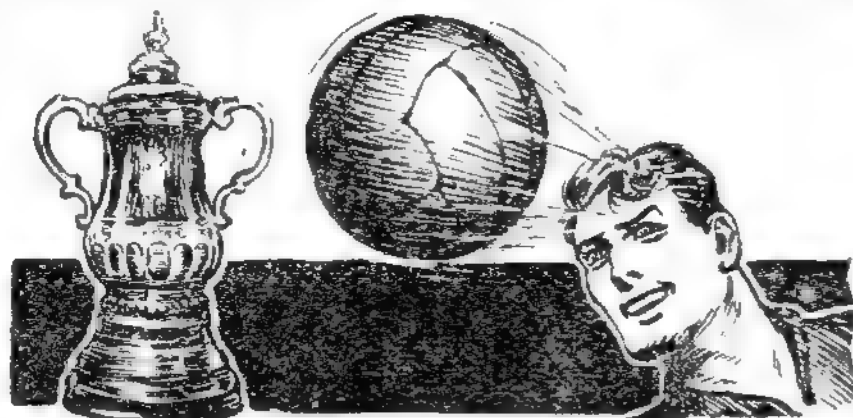
Silently, Arnold opened and folded the paper back. Inside lay a silky bundle and on top of it a note signed by four pilots of "B" Flight. It read:

Congratulations! Here's something for the gamest flight leader in an R.F.C. uniform. We hope you never lose them.

(Signed) **HASTINGS, FLYNN, WESTON, ALCOTT.**

And across the floor billowed two of the whitest silken streamers that ever fluttered from a Spad's tail.

THE HOBO CUP-FIGHTERS



New pals—and their mystery captain—to meet in Monday's Champion. Order it to day.

WEeping AND WHALING AND GNASHING OF TEETH—When Stan and Oliver
Set Out to Subdue the Merry Mammals of the Deep.



.....
The Final Funny Doings
of the Famous Fun Film-
Stars,
LAUREL AND HARDY.
.....

discovered a ramshackle dwelling which advertised itself outside as *Heeny's Hotel, Seamen Specially Catered For. Good Beds at 10 cents. the night.*

Ten cents was the exact amount which the kindly gent had bestowed on Laurel, alleged street singer. So they entered boldly and asked the shifty, dirty landlord within if the price would be the same if they both slept in the same bed.

Mr. Heeny sniffed, and demanded to see the ten cents before committing himself. When it was shown him, he agreed reluctantly and led Laurel and Hardy to a big, untidy room furnished with rows of ramshackle beds.

"Shall I pay you now?" asked Hardy, with a superior air. "Or will you bring our bill in the morning?"

"Don't mind when I get it—s'long as I do get it," sniffed Landlord Heeny. "There's lots of 'em tries to get away wi' a hard-luck story an' no dough, but it don't cut no ice wi' me. I'm jes' warnin' you."

He sniffed and left Laurel and Hardy to climb wearily into bed.

Came the night and its accompanying snores from the bed of Stan and Oliver. But Landlord Heeny was still abroad. He sneaked quietly into the room with the ramshackle beds, and chuckling slimily, groped in Hardy's pockets. He found the ten-cent piece and retired to his own sty, cackling at the luck that sent two more boobs his way.

For landlord Heeny was what sailors call a "crimp."

"Hail smiling morn!" said Hardy, leaping unnaturally out of bed. "Come, Stan, we must be up and doing!"

"Smiling morn," shuddered Laurel. "I can hear it laughing out loud at me! *Brrrrrr!* Let's have just five more minutes!"

"N-no! A thousand times no! The world's work

"YOU would choose the bleakest city in all Canada!" moaned Laurel, as he shuddered and drew his coat collar up. "This must be the place where the game of draughts was invented. I can feel 'em blowing all round me!"

"Chump!" answered Hardy, emphatically. "All seaport towns are windy in the winter—and we had to get off the train here because any fool knows Vancouver is the very end of the railroad. The thing that matters is that we've got to find somewhere to sleep to-night or freeze!"

"That's funny—I've been thinking about that song all day."

"What song, you big boob you? Who's talking about songs, anyhow?"

"Why, you know the song," answered Laurel, "it goes like this:

*Freeze a jolly good fellow,
Freeze a jolly good fellow,
Freeze a jolly good fe-e-ell-o-ow
And—*

Laurel brought his song to an abrupt stop as a coin chinked down on the pavement. Some benevolent gent, passing at the moment, had taken him for a street singer! Hardy picked up the coin and examined it.

"It's a good 'un, anyhow. Come on! There's enough here to get us a bed for the night in some cheap boarding-house."

Down in the waterfront district, Laurel and Hardy

must go on. I never can understand why you want to loll about in b—— Here! Hold on there! Where's that ten cents I had last night?"

Hardy, half dressed already, made a frantic search through his clothes. After turning out all his pockets a third time, a look of horror came into his round, cheery face. With bated breath he whispered the dread words: "It's gone! It's been stolen!"

Next moment he forced a beaming smile to his face, as landlord Heeny trotted into the room.

"Oh—er—good morning. Going to be a lovely day, but rather chilly don't you think?"

"Ten cents," sniffed landlord Heeny, ignoring the greeting.

"Well—er—the fact is—you see——"

"We haven't got the ten cents," chipped in Laurel, who had meanwhile climbed out of bed and started to dress. "He's gone and lost it!"

"So that's the way of it!" snapped Heeny. "I smelt you guys was on the twist all along! Well—you don't get away with it, see!"

The landlord poked his head outside the door and bawled to somebody downstairs.

"Bos'n Bounce," he called. "Step right up. Here's a couple of recruits for you!"

Laurel and Hardy waited in fascinated silence as they heard the tramp of heavy feet mounting the stairs. Presently a giant of a seaman lurched into the room. He took off his sealskin cap, scratched his close-cropped head, and stared derisively at Laurel and Hardy.

"Pretty poor coupla shrimps! But I guess they'll hafter do. How much they owe?"

"Twenty cents," lied Heeny.

"But wait a minute," gulped Hardy, "you said——"

Bos'n Bounce grunted, took twenty cents from his pocket and a couple of printed papers. He gave Heeny the money and thrust the papers before Laurel and Hardy.

"Sign on the dotted line," he growled.

"An I.O.U., I presume?" beamed Hardy, signing the paper and bidding Laurel do likewise. "I must say it is frightfully sporting of you to assist us in this little matter——"

"Quit spilen'," growled Bos'n Bounce. "I'm a busy man. We'll git along to the ship right now."

"The which?" yelled Laurel and Hardy in chorus.

"The ship. You jes' signed on as extra hands on the whaler *Henry T. Bunk*. I paid your hotel bill in advance out of your first month's pay! Carm orn!" And he grabbed Laurel and Hardy by their coat collars and yanked them almost bodily out of the room.

A Whale of a Time.

THE four-masted whaling barque *Henry T. Bunk* was stripped to her royals and flying jibs. The wind howled and whistled through her rigging. Every now and again the decks were swept by a seething, swirling sea. The skipper in his oilskins strode restlessly back and forth behind the helmsman, cursing the crew, cursing the mate, and cursing the North Pacific Ocean.

But away forward in the lurching fo'c's'le the crew were doing their share of the cursing too. Bos'n Bounce sat in the centre of a ring of scowling faces, relieved only by two pale and rather green looking countenances, property of Laurel and Hardy. They had been a day and a half in this rolling hulk now—it seemed to them like a year and a half!

"Ye're not standin' for it are you, you snivellin' lot o' clams?" snarled Bos'n Bounce fiercely. "It's clean suicide, I tell you, going into the North Pacific this time o' the year after sperm whales—an' with

the rotten, old-fashioned gear the old man has got. I tell you I ain't standin' for it for one——"

There was a grunt of approval from all around.

"This is what I sez," growled the Bos'n, seeing that he had the support of the majority, "in the second dog watch to-night the ole man'll go down below as usual, so will the first mate, an' they'll jes' leave that skinny whippet of a second mate in charge—he's easy! I'll give you a signal! I'll grab the ship's bell and ring it as hard as I can, then all you guys get below and grab the mate and skipper—you can leave the second mate to me! All them what's with me—shove their hands up!"

All the hands in the fo'c's'le went up—except two. Laurel and Hardy, sitting miserably on their bunk, had not been listening to the bos'n's mutinous plan.

The giant bos'n strode over to them with a scowl, and grabbing Hardy by the coat collar, thrust his ugly face within a half-inch of Laurel's nose.

"So you ain't in on it, huh? Well, I ain't takin' no chances of you shootin' off the works to the skipper! If you breathe a word of it I'll tear the hearts out of both of you!"

Laurel and Hardy were saved from further discomfort by the sharp clanging of the ship's bell, signalling the changing of the watch on deck. Bos'n Bounce released them and they trotted hastily on deck, thankful to get away.

"Phew!" said Hardy. "What an unpleasant person that bos'n is! Lucky for him the bell went just when it did. I was just going to punch him on the nose!"

Laurel didn't reply, for at that identical moment The *Henry T. Bunk* shipped a heavy sea. Laurel floated gracefully aftwards on the crest of the wave and landed in an affectionate posture in the arms of the first mate. Down they went, a confused mass of waving arms and legs.

"Git up!" roared the mate. "I'll show you to have more respect for your officers! I'll knock your fool head right off—your fool——"

"She blows!" yelled a voice from aloft at that moment. "There she blo-o-o-ows!"

Immediately the mate cupped his hands and bawled: "Whale oh! All hands on deck!"

Crowds of men came tumbling pell mell out of the fo'c's'le. They sprang for their harpoons, for the skipper was too mean to buy a modern harpoon-gun, and boats were hastily lowered. Laurel and Hardy found themselves being buffeted from side to side as a crowd of men dashed back and forth about the deck.

"Hey you!" the mate suddenly bawled to them. "Don't stand there twiddlin' your thumbs. Git in the boat!"

As the mate made a threatening motion towards them, Laurel and Hardy hastily scrambled over the side, down the rope ladder and into the whaleboat below, tossing sickeningly on the mountainous waves.

"Here's our harpooners!" roared the man-in-charge. "Get going boys! We're first off!"

Before Laurel and Hardy could get a secure stand in the boat, it was moving swiftly in the track of the whale.

"Better get your 'poon ready," advised the leading oarsman. "We're almost on her!"

A long, sharp harpoon, with the length of whale line already attached was waiting ready in the bows. Laurel picked it up and blinked at it.

"I suppose he means this? What do we do with it, Oliver?"

"Why, fish for the whale of course," said Hardy. "I've never met such an ignorant fellow as you are, Stan——"

"Look out!" yelled the boatman. "We're on her!"

A great mass, like slippery, black indiarubber, suddenly loomed out of the water before the bows. Laurel hastily dropped the harpoon over the side and held the line as if he were fishing.

The leading boatman let out a string of curses. Drawing in his oars, he sprang forward, wrenched the harpoon from Laurel's hands and flung it with all his strength at the lurching black mass ahead.

The shaft plunged deep in the leviathan's side. Instantly the whale sent a great jet of water into the air and its huge tail lashed the water to foam.

"Grab the line!" shrieked the boatman. "It's gonna dive!"

The length of whale line was snaking swiftly over the side as the harpooned whale plunged below the surface.

Laurel made a grab at the line but was jerked through the air, landing with a smack in the sea nearly twenty yards from the boat. Hardy gave a yell of horror.

"Quick! Man overboard! It's pulled him in!"

The same instant—the whale rose to the surface again. And Laurel rose with it! The great creature had risen beneath him and he found himself sitting on its back!

Hardy, frantic for the safety of his pal, seized the line, which was still slipping rapidly over the bows as the harpooned whale forged ahead of the boat. This time Hardy was dragged over the side, but he escaped the fate of Laurel for one of the crew clutched him by the ankles in the nick of time. Hardy gave a gasp of horror as he found himself suspended horizontally between the whale line and the boat.

Poor Laurel was in no better straits. The whale suddenly began to spout. Unfortunately it began to spout immediately beneath the spot where Laurel clung. Up, up he went on the top of that cascade like one of those little celluloid balls you see dancing on a stream of water in the shooting-galleries.

By now three other boats from the ship had caught up with the whale, and three more harpoons plunged almost immediately into the monster's back. The tortured creature gave an extra vicious spout and Laurel went sailing high into the air in a graceful curve. He landed in the sea two yards from one of the whalers and was quickly hauled in. Meanwhile two or three boatmen had managed to get a grip on the whale line and yank Hardy back into the boat again.

Laurel and Hardy sank thankfully into the bottoms of the respective boats, not at all interested in the rest of the proceedings.

A Blow for Mutineers.

WHALEMEN have to be made of stern stuff. Laurel and Hardy discovered to their discomfort. After the long chase and the exhausting work of towing the floating carcass of the whale back to the *Henry T. Bunk*, every man was ordered to get busy cutting up the whale.

Every man, that is, except the officers and Laurel and Hardy. They would have been put on that job,

too, but the other seamen protested that, armed with great knives, our two hoboes were a positive menace to mankind. So the skipper handed them a telescope and ordered them aloft to keep a look out for more whales.

Laurel climbed into the crow's-nest. Hardy followed. It was a tight squeeze when he arrived.

"Move over," grunted Laurel, "I can't breathe!"

"Who wants you to?" grunted Hardy. "Where's the telescope?"

Laurel groped round, and then he peeped over the



BELLING THE BOSUN.—Laurel drew out the pin of the bell and it dropped smack on to the bosun's head, as he was about to attack Hardy.

edge of the crow's-nest. Far below, he discerned the telescope lying on a hatch-coaming.

"Dash it!" said Laurel. "I've forgotten it. Have to go all the way down again. Oh, blow!"

Hardy was about to explode with rage and sarcasm, when a hail from the decks nipped him in the bud.

"Did you call?" yelled the voice of the skipper.

"I just said 'Oh, blow!'" replied Laurel. "I've gone and——"

"She blo-o-o-ows!" yelled the skipper, misunderstanding Laurel's remark. "All hands to the boats!"

At the skipper's shout the crew dropped their cutting-tools and leapt back into the whaleboats, hurriedly preparing the harpoons and lines for the alleged second whale.

"Where away?" the skipper yelled up to the crow's-nest.

"Beg parding?" said Laurel, looking confused.

"How's your bearings?" bawled the skipper.

"Oh, not so bad, sir. How's yours?"

The captain sent up a volley of curses and ordered them to come below. But by the time they had squeezed themselves out, all the crew were rowing away in search of the hypothetical whale—all except Bos'n Bounce.

"I don't trust them two guys up in the nest," he had muttered to one of his fellow-mutineers. "I'll stay back and keep watch—an' don't forget—be ready when I ring the bell!"

Meanwhile, Laurel and Hardy had descended and stood trembling before the scowling skipper, while Bos'n Bounce lurked behind the mainmast, listening.

"What's the big idea, cheeking me?" growled the Cap'n to Laurel and Hardy. "I've a right mind to keelhaul the two of you."

"Oh—er—no disrespect, sir," said Hardy, forcing his sweet smile to his face. "You see, when Laurel said 'blow!' he didn't really mean blow. He meant 'blow!' you see, in the sense of *Deary me! My goodness gracious! Tut-tut!* And——"

"We're not really sailors, sir," said Laurel, trying to control his wobbling chin, "and we get all mixed up, what with these starboard mainmasts, topgallant harpoons an' mutinies an'——"

"Mutiny!" roared the skipper. "Who—what!"

"Oh, haven't you heard about the mutiny?" asked Laurel simply. "Bos'n Bounce has made all arrangements for one this evening."

Bos'n Bounce, behind the mainmast, clenched his teeth and itched to get his fingers on Laurel and Hardy. The simple Stan stammered out the plan that had been made in the fo'c'sle that day. The skipper almost tore his hair with rage.

"Quick!" he yelled to the mate. "Call up all loyal men on the ship and arm them!"

The skipper raced off to his quarters, leaving Laurel and Hardy alone on deck—alone except for the raging Bos'n Bounce creeping up revengefully behind them.

"Now you've done it!" said Hardy. "Remember what that Bounce person said he'd . . . Ohhhhhhh! Look out!"

Hardy caught sight of the mutinous bos'n just in time. Laurel gave a yell and skidded wildly out of range across the slippery deck. Hardy grabbed the mainshrouds and scampered up the rigging with a nimbleness born of terror, as Bounce rushed towards them.

For a second the bos'n hesitated which to follow, then he swung himself on to the ratlines and chased Hardy up the rigging. Hardy reached the yard-arm, found further progress barred by the flapping topsail, and in panic slithered along the spar to the very end. Bounce grinned evilly as he swung himself on to the mast end of the yard-arm. Hardy was trapped!

But, no! At that instant the ship gave a heavy roll. Hardy, sitting astride the spar, felt himself slither back whence he had come. His lowered head thudded into the bos'n's stomach and left him gasping for breath. Hardy didn't waste any time apologising. He swung round the winded bos'n on to the cross-trees and thence down the rigging.

Bounce recovered, let out a yell like a mad bull, and followed. On deck, Hardy dashed for the

officers' quarters, hoping for protection there; but just beneath the poop-deck, where the big brass ship's bell hung, he slipped on the wet deck and fell heavily.

The bos'n, but a little way behind, pounced on him instantly and yanked him to his feet. The great hands of the mutineer closed round Hardy's neck. Hardy began to guggle as he felt the life being choked out of him.

And just up above, the head of Laurel appeared. He looked thoughtfully at the bell immediately above Bos'n Bounce and Hardy. It was swung from a bracket on the poop and held in place by a single shackle-pin easily removed. So Laurel reached forward and removed it.

Cla-a-a-nnnnnnnnnnnnnng! The heavy brass bell descended musically on the head of Bos'n Bounce and enveloped him from the shoulders up. He gave a muffled yell and dropped to the deck, effectually knocked out.

But the clank of that bell was wafted to the ears of the sailors out in the whaleboats, still looking for the non-existent whale.

"It's the signal!" yelled a man in the leading boat. "Let's get back right away and start the mutiny!"

But when they arrived back at the ship they received a rude shock. Seven rifles poked at them over the bulwarks, for the skipper had armed all his men, including Laurel and Hardy, against their return.

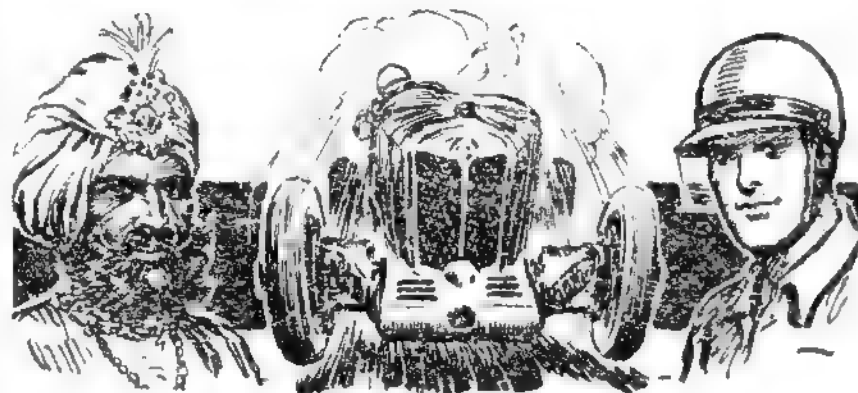
"I guess the mutiny's off, boys," growled the skipper. "First guy that tries to board without my permission gets a bullet in him."

The crew, seeing that the skipper had the whip hand, decided to be good. One by one, they were allowed to come aboard and were set to work finishing the work of cutting up the whale.

Two days later, the *Henry T. Bunk* arrived back at Vancouver to discharge its old crew and engage a new one more trustworthy, but there were at least two members of the crew delighted at receiving the sack—for Laurel and Hardy had had enough of the sea!

More New Pals and fresh Thrills for you on Monday, chums. Get ready for the adventures of

Driver to The Speed-Mad Rajah



Breathless speed adventures in wildest India. Tiger-hunting in cars; races through jungles and along precipice edges, shocks at every turn.

In Monday's "CHAMPION."

ASK FOR "THE CHAMPION" NEXT WEEK—NOT BOYS' MAGAZINE.



MY DEAR CHUMS,

As most of my old readers know, before I started to edit *Boys' Magazine* I was always a bit of a globe-trotter. Few of the world's queer corners your old editor hasn't visited. And now the call of the wide-open spaces is too strong. In short, chaps, I have had an invitation to join an expedition to explore the upper reaches of the Amazon. So from henceforth the old paper will be incorporated with *THE CHAMPION*.

To welcome *BOYS' MAGAZINE* readers, *THE CHAMPION* is launching a stupendous free gift scheme, and Monday's issue will contain a specially selected programme of stories.

A Magnificent 28-page Album entitled: "What Every Boy Wants to Know About Motors," will be presented free with every copy of Monday's *Champion*. This album is unique, chums. Never before has such a superb novelty been presented by any boys' paper. In addition to tons of fine, quick-fire fact articles and illustrations about motors, the album has twelve specially designed pages in which you will be able to insert

24 Brilliant Coloured Motor Cards.

The FIRST THREE CARDS and the ALBUM will be tucked inside your copy of Monday's *Champion*; the other 21 cards will be given in subsequent issues, three cards each week.

Just think of it, chums—a clinking novelty motor album and three dazzling, coloured cards FREE in one number! Something like a gift, eh?

To accompany these unrivalled gifts, I have booked a bumper programme of yarns for Monday's *CHAMPION*. First on the list is that amazingly popular *BOYS' MAG.* thriller,

The Blizzard Ranger.

More exciting chapters of this stunning story are to appear—adventures guaranteed to hold you tense.

The Hobo-Cup-fighters.

is a winner from the very first line. It concerns the

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to be Incorporated with
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Stupendous
FREE GIFT SCHEME
IN
"THE CHAMPION"
to Welcome *B.M.* Readers.

astounding exploits of a team of pro. footballers who camp out in tents—that's why they're called the Hoboes—and whose captain is the most mysterious individual on record. Simply packed with footer thrills and baffling surprises is this great sports scoop.

Trainer Brassy and His Racing Greyhounds

is the title of another brand-new story in Monday's *Champion*. Brassy is the cutest, cheekiest, wittiest young fellow who ever turned a pup into a prize-winner. When you meet his pet monkey, Mick, you'll laugh till you nearly bust!

For hair-raising thrills and breathless drama you simply must read

Driver to the Speed-mad Rajah.

This staggering speed-yarn of high-powered fun and motor-racing exploits in wildest India will hold you spellbound.

To complete this monster number, there's "Fireworks Flynn, the Shake-'em-up Sports Master"—the most amazing school yarn ever penned, that will create a super-sensation; also "Piston Payne's Jungle Submotank," "The Racing Highwayman," and a special long complete detective story.

No less than EIGHT super-stories and FOUR FREE GIFTS in *THE CHAMPION*, out on Monday, January 15th, price 2d.

Your mouth's already watering? Then make sure of your copy by ordering it right now.

Don't forget! Instead of asking for *Boys' Magazine* next week, ask for *THE CHAMPION*. It's on sale—Monday, January 15th.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.



Note the date when
'THE CHAMPION'
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Special Note. There's bound to be a rush for this Bumper Enlarged Free Gift Issue.
SO ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

THE INVISIBLE SUBMARINE

(Continued from page 22.)

Submarine was gathering speed. Then, suddenly, pandemonium was let loose. Searchlights swept the regions of darkness between the ships, flares were lighted, star-shells made the vicinity bright as day.

"Lener has given the alarm," Krandst snarled. "They are searching for us."

"But they won't find us," Garnett rapped.

"They will, my friend," spat Krandst, his hairless head wagging from side to side. "In that message I included information giving our whereabouts. In another moment——!"

"It doesn't matter," Dave cried, "we're invisible. They can't locate us!"

Suddenly, before either John Garnett, or the boys or Noga, could prevent him, Krandst leant forward, his fingers snatching at the dashboard switches by the inventor's elbow. He turned off the invisibility. In the wild glare from the searchlights the Submarine became a gleaming silver thing, at the mercy of every gun and bomb in Krandst's armada.

Even as John Garnett leapt forward to push back the switch, something seemed to carve the craft in two. The vessel had been hit by a high explosive; split in twain like a stick of wood.

A Debt Repaid.

JOHN GARNETT, Dave, Jim and Noga, lay imprisoned in a steel-lined cabin of Krandst's flagship. They and the arch-fiend had survived miraculously from the devastating effect of the shell that had blown the Invisible Submarine to smithereens.

Yet it was like falling from the frying-pan into the fire; for, having escaped a watery grave, Krandst had commanded that they should die by the Yellow Ray.

"I'd rather have pegged out in the Submarine," Dave growled. "How we didn't I blessed well don't know!"

"Neither do I!" Jim agreed. "Dad, isn't there some way out—some chance of escape?" he cried desperately.

"Afraid not, son," John Garnett answered. "Unless we can make a dash for it when we go up to face the firing squad. But I guess we'll show that rotter, Krandst, that we know how to die, even by the Yellow Ray!"

"You bet!" the boys chorused, and relapsed into silence until a sound from the door of their prison brought them to their feet.

"Time, chaps!" said Garnett, squaring his shoulders. "They've come for us! Krandst said—in two hours!"

The door swung open. It was not Krandst, however, who stood upon the threshold, but Francis Lener. He clicked his heels together stiffly, as he eyed them.

"All right, we're ready, Lener," Garnett exclaimed.

A strange smile flitted across Lener's grim lips. "Ready to die, eh?" he questioned. "Well," he looked at them, half-admiringly, "how would you prefer to—live?"

"What do you mean?" Dave gasped incredulously.

Lener stepped into the cabin. "When you leave here, turn right, then first left. You climb a ladder to the deck. Opposite you will find a motor-launch tethered. It is Krandst's! Because of that no one will pay any attention to it. Make for the open sea. You will find provisions and water and a compass to guide you—aboard."

John Garnett stared at the aide-de-camp. "Why

should you do this, Lener?" he asked. "If Krandst discovers this treachery, you will be a dead man!"

"Once," Lener explained, turning to the boys, "you saved my life. I said then that one day I would repay the debt." He shrugged his shoulders and stepped aside. "Now—go!" he commanded and clicked to attention as they, grasping his hand in grateful thanks, passed out into the night.

He watched them go and he knew he had signed his own death warrant. Yet his head was erect, and a smile played about his mouth when he returned to Krandst.

Meanwhile, the four adventurers were speeding away from Krandst's armada, still bewildered by their miraculous escape.

Presently John Garnett said quietly. "Well, boys, thanks to Lener we're alive. But we have failed. In a matter of days, the world will be in the power of an arch-fiend! Krandst will be Dictator!"

At that moment a vivid searchlight cut the gloom and rested upon their tiny craft; the searchlight of a British submarine.

Aboard the craft, Garnett explained his identity to the Captain. "You're not twenty miles from Krandst," the inventor concluded, "but it's hopeless to stop him. The Yellow Ray——!"

"The Yellow Ray is powerless, Mr. Garnett," said the sailor gruffly. "This submarine and all the others accompanying me are fitted with your wonderful invention."

A gasp of amazement broke from the inventor. "Then we're in time?" he gasped. "In time to save the world and put a stopper on Krandst's little games."

"And now," said the skipper. "If you'll come below, maybe you'd like some food and a sleep?"

"Food and sleep can wait," rapped the inventor. "I may be of service to you when you come up with Krandst." He turned to the boys and Noga. "Perhaps you lads——?" he began, but Dave and Jim shook their heads.

"We're going to watch the fun, dad!" Dave told him.

Watch it they did through the next few hectic hours. Nothing could withstand that surprise attack. The boys saw the might of Krandst shattered to atoms by the deadly strength of our forces.

And with the dawn, the fleet of submarines, under their cloak of invisibility, swooped on Krandst's huge undersea city. Special high-explosive shells, invented by John Garnett were rained on the great bell. Factories, power-houses, dwellings . . . all were blown to pieces, until nothing remained but a vast crater in the ocean bed to tell of a fiend's plot to conquer the world.

Get Next Monday's CHAMPION and meet
TRAINER BRASSY
AND HIS RACING GREYHOUNDS.



The return of a prime favourite and his monkey, Mick, and wonder-dog Flash. Chuckles, shocks and greyhound racing thrills.

JOHN HUNTER'S GIGANTIC TALE OF PREHISTORIC MARVELS.

THE MENACE OF THE MONSTERS

Tremendous Thrills with Professor Laban Twick, the Scientist Who Never Smiled; Bigshot Bruce, Adventurer; Harry Langham and Pongo his Comical Pal—Not Forgetting Boomer of Boomer's Mammoth Circus.

The grim chase went on. The dryptosaur paused during it to pick up a policeman who tried to bolt. It must be realised that the fog was so thick that, despite their bulk, the creatures were not seen by any policemen until they were on top of them.

The diplodocus knew that death was at its heels, death which needed not to see it, but which could scent it at a great distance as all wild creatures can scent their prey. The fog could not hide the diplodocus from the dryptosaur.

North, the tyrannosaur made steady progress; but his progress was not secret. He stalked along on his ugly hind legs, towering high above the houses and rows of shops in the main streets he traversed, and as he went he tore down telephone and other wires in great tangles, and ripped them and left them behind. He just walked through anything.

The climax of the southern chase came on Westminster Bridge. Above the bridge, Big Ben was invisible; yet from its secret place high up in the blackness, it tolled the half-hour after three, as the diplodocus made its last desperate effort to escape.

And just at this moment, leaping from the great

Atlantic, across which it had travelled at ship-slaying speed, a great south wester struck our southern shore and whistled inland towards London.

The diplodocus was on the tram-lined wideness of Westminster Bridge. Below it the Thames lay, like black and stagnant water under the fog. All about it was the absolute silence a fog brings. All traffic had long since been suspended. Trams and buses had crawled home. The two great creatures moved through a city of the dead.

The chimes of the big clock were hushed and stifled by the murk. The diplodocus knew that here was its end, for the dryptosaur had steadily gained in that long, relentless trailing.

On the bridge the diplodocus paused. It was essentially a land reptile, but it could take to the water, if need be, like most of its kind. For out of the water came all life at the beginning of things; even the flying creatures came from the water at the first, and hopped and fell and scrambled, until wings sprouted and developed, as



FANGED FIENDS.—The two master-killers of the monsters bit and tore at each other, staggering and lurching all over Trafalgar Square.

generation after generation rolled into the backward blackness.

If it could get into the water it would be safe, for the dryptosaurs had lived too long on dry land to swim. Their clawed feet were no help, as were the duck-meshed feet of some of the great land creatures.

The diplodocus turned towards the bridge parapet and began to heave its great bulk over it. The parapet went down under the enormous strain.

But at that moment the dryptosaur lurched in to secure its prey. It got a hold.

And so they fought, absolutely alone in the stifling and impenetrable darkness, as though they fought in their own place thousands of miles across the ocean. They fought a fight which the Place of Mists had seen scores of times, and which no human being saw that night.

The diplodocus was half over the bridge, and the dryptosaur, with a cruel clamp of its jaw and one hooking grip of a forepaw, had it fast; so that the writhing brute was suspended over the water for a space, with the dryptosaur taking all its weight and straining backwards.

The bridge parapet was torn to bits for a great distance. The stumpy feet of the dryptosaur chugged at the wood blocks, its claws dug into them and tore them up, as very gradually it hauled itself backwards on to the highway.

In vain the diplodocus fought and writhed and tried to strike, with a tail which was futile against the beast that held it. In vain it turned its long reptilian neck and snapped with ineffective jaws at scales which could turn aside a high speed rifle bullet. The killer had it, and the killer held.

Back on to the bridge they came, inch by inch, the strain enormous, the weight colossal. Across the twisted and ripped up tramlines, right into the middle of the tremendous roadway, the dryptosaur dragged its victim. And there, with Big Ben invisible above them, tolling the hour of four in the still and darkened morning, the great kill took place.

But by now telephones were buzzing and excitement was running through the city. The progress of the tyrannosaur had made itself apparent. The War Office was rung up. Bruce was rung up. London began to mobilise itself. Police were warned and prepared. Soldiers were roused from their beds. Fire brigades stood to the ready.

But still the fog held, and through that fog death in its immensity trod.

The tyrannosaur had got right down to the Euston Road. He wandered on anywhere, groping his massive way through this, the greatest mist he had ever encountered.

His bulk forced him to adhere to the great main roads, so that he steadily bored towards the heart of London. He lost direction, if it can be called losing it, at one part, and he found himself, inexplicably, in part of Regent's Park. He simply waded across it, smashing down railings and trees, and reached Oxford Circus, whence he went clean down Regent Street to Piccadilly Circus, onwards.

For now, through the still air, an unmistakable scent had come to him. It was some distance off yet. The dryptosaur was moving along Whitehall, in fact, but the distance from Whitehall to the Haymarket, taking it in a straight line, is not so very great, and the tyrannosaur knew the dryptosaur was coming as surely as he knew he himself wandered in this curious, dead and misted place.

But now London was stirring and something happened which nobody could have foreseen. The south-wester, its speed reduced to something like fifty miles an hour, hit London at its south-west corner and tore the fog to shreds.

Where there had been choking stillness, there now was a high, fresh wind. Where there had been canyons of utter gloom, there now were broad and lighted streets, the lighted streets of London in the darkness of a winter morning, between four and five.

The terror was seen, and the terror was known. Bruce was coming in a high speed car from Wimbledon. Men were flying like threatened ants here and there. The city of nearly nine millions was stirring itself.

And the dryptosaur and the tyrannosaur came to Trafalgar Square.

The dryptosaur tried to turn down The Mall, but the Admiralty Arch withstood it. It was a mighty brute but it could not shake that mass of masonry, and it turned back and crawled across the wideness of the Strand, Cockspur Street and Northumberland Avenue, Whitehall junction just as the tyrannosaur passed the Carlton Hotel and lumbered round for the Square itself.

Nelson's Column reared up like a needle high in the now clear darkness. The dryptosaur, swinging savagely, knowing it faced something even more terrible than itself, struck the King Charles statue with its tail and wrecked the base, bringing the statue itself down in a tumbled heap.

Men were arriving. A great, wide-flung police cordon covered every approach, to hold back such civilians as might venture abroad at that strange hour. Bruce was in charge of all the operations. The boys and the Professor were there, and, not far from Bruce, inescapable, hovered the Ape Man.

The bulk of the tyrannosaur lifted nearly as high as the White Star building which faces down Pall Mall. He came on more swiftly now, as he saw the dryptosaur, and that dread creature, realising it could not escape, prepared to make a fight of it and crawled to the wideness of Trafalgar Square itself.

Bruce was giving quiet orders. He realised that the best thing to do was to let the two great beasts lock themselves in deadly combat, as, at grips, they would have no time for anything else around them.

They met in the middle of Trafalgar Square. The dryptosaur lurched in, low down, and its tremendous jaws closed on the left leg of the tyrannosaur. This beast loosed a high and terrible roar and stooped.

It was terrific! Its jaws just clamped on the dryptosaur behind the head, clamped and closed and bit through. Actually, staggering and lurching, its victim fastened to its leg, it partly lifted the massive body from the paving stones. Both things lurched wildly. They hit the slenderness of Nelson's Column and down it came with a crash.

Bruce gave the word.

Two quick-firing naval guns suddenly yelped ferociously. The struggling monsters staggered and wilted. Tiny men ran in and threw bombs. The wind swept some of the gas away, but lots of it bit home. The death struggle ceased in its ferocity. The tyrannosaur stooped, wilted, lost its grip. The dryptosaur writhed sideways as the greater monster toppled forward.

But now it was all ended. Shells and gas poured in. In less than sixty minutes the menace of the monsters had passed from the face of Britain amid the ruins of the Nelson's Column.

Of course, Bruce was made an awful fuss of, a fact which he deplored. Indeed, the only person who got any real satisfaction out of it was the Professor. His great day came when, in Paris, he lectured authoritatively to a lot of learned, scientific people of all nations and, exhibiting Percy, smiled down triumphantly into the hated face of Herr Professor Waldheim of Heidelberg.

Both boys were present, and they regarded it all as good entertainment—as good as the pictures, in fact.

SCARLET STREAMERS!

(Continued from page 8.)

narrow tunnel. Before he could flatten himself against the uneven wall, something exploded on his jaw and he went flying out head over heels into the river.

A Spy Plot Smashed.

THE next thing he knew he was on his back, his head cushioned in someone's lap. He was soaking wet and every bone in his body ached.

"Bill! Bill!" someone was saying. "For goodness' sake pull out of it."

He opened his eyes and stared up—at the face of Captain Wilson!

"Harry!" gasped Bill. "Where are we?"

"Under the bridge, still. I knocked you in. Didn't know it was you!"

"Holy smokes!" gurgled Bill, struggling to his feet. "You certainly smacked me a beauty. But I've got a ship out there, and we can get away easily."

"Good lad," enthused Wilson. "But, look here! I want to go back into that church. There's something going on in there, and I'm curious."

"I'm with you! I let you down before, Harry, but I'll stick by you now. Does this tunnel go all the way through?"

"Yes. I found it after I cracked up. My ship is dangling up in the trees somewhere out there. The Jerries probably have been looking for me all over the place, but I slid out, jumped into the river, and floated down under the bridge. Then I found this tunnel and decided to explore."

Together they worked their way along the foul, evil-smelling tunnel for fully a hundred yards. Finally it came to a break and they entered a small square area. At one side they came to a rusty iron railing that guarded a set of clammy stone steps.

"Up these steps, but be careful and keep quiet," whispered Harry Wilson.

Bill followed him, his clothing dripping slimy drools of water all over the steps. At last Harry turned and hissed a quiet warning. His hand found a heavy iron latch, which he lifted carefully. Gradually a huge oaken door swung open and let through a thin shaft of pale light. Together they came up into a small stone room.

"The old vestry," explained Harry in a whisper.

Outside somewhere a door clanked back into its place. Bill felt a chill run across his shoulders. Then there came the *pad-pad-pad* of footsteps, that Arnold had heard on the roadway a short time before. And a rustle of voluminous garments.

"Quick!" snapped Harry. "Up these stairs to the belfry!"

Like two panthers they shot through the gloom of the room and took the uneven stone steps three at a time. It was a long, tortuous climb, but they made it in comparative silence.

"Hide here!" rasped Harry, tugging the panting Bill into a corner behind a sheaf of bell-ropes. "Take it easy now and don't move until you get the word from me. Got a gun?"

"Think so. Started out with one . . . Yes, here it is," replied Bill, fumbling beneath his dripping flying coat.

Up the stairs came that *pad-pad-pad*. The two airmen crouched down and waited. At last they were rewarded by a sight of a moon-like face, topped by a small black skull cap.

Step by step the rest of the figure emerged from below. The footsteps drew nearer until at last they were able to discern a giant figure of a man in monk's costume.

The two airmen watched him cross the floor of the tower room and take a seat near one of the long, narrow slits that served as windows in the tall church tower. He lit a small oil lamp that gleamed whitely on a pad of notepaper. The figure in monk's garb produced a pencil from the fold of his cloak and sat staring out into the night.

"Taking a message from a spy in our lines, I think," whispered Harry in Bill's ear.

They saw the waxen hand start its jerky movement across the paper as the monk printed the letters that flashed out from somewhere beyond the Allied lines, fully fifteen miles away.

"How is it that someone in our trenches doesn't spot that?" inquired Bill in a whisper.

"It's one of those new controlled beam heliographs and can be seen only within a certain range. They tune it like a wireless set," explained Wilson. "Double mirrors that reach their focal point over the German side of the line and do not appear to the eye until the beam is well over the Jerry side."

"Now, get this. When this bird gets the information, he does something about it with the organ downstairs. I heard him tinkling with it before. Probably sends messages with a tune or note code. Get the idea?"

"Yes, and it's the cleverest thing I ever heard of," gasped Bill. "What should we do about it?"

"We've got to get him and get that message first. Come on, he's going out!"

Together they leaped out from their hiding-place and faced the astonished monk. With a growl the cloaked giant leaped at Wilson. The airman went back on his shoulders from a heavy punch that landed on the side of his head. In the twinkling of an eye the monk had started for the stairs.

In a flying Rugby tackle, Bill leaped for him and together they went head over heels down the first flight of stone stairs.

Wilson was on his feet again in time to see the cloaked giant straddling Bill Arnold and raining a mad torrent of blows at his head and neck. Without waiting to take the steps in his stride, Wilson flung himself at the two below him.

The monk turned to receive Harry's left shoulder full in the chest. With a curse he went staggering across the landing and brought up in a heap against the wall. Wilson was on him like a shot.

Two short rights jolted the big man's head against a rounded corner of granite.

"That's enough," breathed Arnold, who could feel the man go quiet. "He's through."

"Right! Tie his hands behind him and let's get him in the light, downstairs."

With belts, lengths of heavy silken cord and strips of the monk's cassock, they tied him up and carried him the rest of the way down. In the little stone vestry they searched him and found a sheet of paper and a small music book.

"Here's all the tricks," beamed Harry Wilson, quietly. He spread the message out and translated it from German for Arnold's benefit.

American 1st, 2nd and 4th Divisions to replace French on Spads-La Croix sector N. of St. Mihiel, at midnight to-night. Suggest surprise attack be made at that time. Success assured owing to confusion of troops during taker-over.

BEULOFF Z-26.

"S'truth!" ejaculated Bill. "That would gum up the works, wouldn't it? Good we stopped this chap."

"Yes, but we ought to make use of it and turn the tables," said Harry, studying the message intently. "Here. Let's look at that little book."

Arnold ran up the stairs and returned with the

tiny lamp the monk had used while transcribing the message. Under its feeble beam, Harry studied the dog-eared book, with its strange pages of music and lettering. At last he looked up. "Bill, can you play the organ?" he asked.

"I can dub out a tune or two on the piano."

"Good! Then get ready to do a little message sending via the old dominoes." He took a sheet from the back of the book and began writing. "Look! See these groups of letters?" he went on. "They represent the seven notes of the scale. By arranging them in certain series, you are able to form a certain alphabet. I've cribbed their game and am sending a trick message to them."

"Yes, but how do they get it?" inquired Bill, staring at the sheet of dizzy letters.

"I don't know for certain, but I get them by playing a few bars of this tune, 'The March of the Priests.' You remember that, of course. Then evidently they pick up the rest of the notes by means of some instrument, probably something like an aeroplane range-finder. The tune is used as the call letter, I suppose. At any rate, that's the formality, according to this code book. Come on, let's try it."

Picking up the still-prostrate man in the monk's clothing, they carried him with them down the aisle of the church and laid him in the chancel. Then Bill searched around and found the organ.

He inspected the stops and noted that the pipes giving off the highest pitched wail were set. These were probably the ones the German had used before.

Bill fumbled with the treadles of the bellows and tried the keys. Then with a nod at Wilson, he started pounding out the stirring, staccato strains of "The March of the Priests."

The martial music wailed out from a small set of pipes situated high in the nave. It sent a strange tingle up and down Harry's spine as he crouched down near the organ, one eye on the keyboard and the other watching the man who lay in the chancel.

"That's enough. Now pound out these notes, starting with middle 'C.' Leave a reasonable pause between the groups of letters, just as you would a word in Morse code. You get the idea?" whispered Harry.

Bill nodded, and began to pick out the notes indicated on the paper. One by one he pressed the responsive keys and unearthly wails pealed out from the set of pipes in the nave above.

Suddenly the trussed-up man began to struggle. He raised his massive head and snarled through the folds of the heavy gag. But Bill continued to press down the single keys and spell out the message, that was designed to draw the German Army into one of the bitterest traps of the war.

Suddenly the wailing ceased, and then, as if in answer, came a ghostly scream from the heavens above. There was a dull crash outside, and like two startled fawns, Bill and Harry leaped into the shadow of a stone archway.

"They're shelling us!" yelled Bill.

"Yes, but who? The Jerries, or our chaps?" replied Harry.

"What does it matter? Let's get out of here," hissed Arnold.

"It makes a lot of difference. If it's the Yanks, O.K. If it's the Jerries, they are wise to us and the message won't go through."

"Cripes! That's right. We'll have to beat it anyway and—"

Before he could finish his sentence, another banshee

wail began outside. Then came a mighty roar as something struck the top of the old church.

There was a flash of flame, a crash of high explosive and the flesh-ripping concussion of power. A torrent of battered masonry fell at their feet and blinded them with plaster and lime. For a minute they could not see two feet ahead of them.

"Bill!" yelled Wilson.

"Harry! Are you all right?" bellowed Arnold.

"Yes! But that poor monk over there. He's buried!"

They stared through the gloom and saw that the chancel had suddenly been obliterated by tons of granite, oaken beams and splintered slates.

"Come on, let's buzz off before anyone comes nosing around," growled Bill.

"Righto. But I'm going to take these papers and the book to show the G.H.Q. eggs what it was all about anyway," exclaimed Harry.

Stuffing the papers in his pocket, he headed down the aisle. Slipping and stumbling, they scrambled straight into the arms of a group of Jerry soldiers.

For an instant the two airmen stood petrified. The field-grey clad infantrymen stared at these two dusty men in khaki as though they were ghosts. Suddenly, Bill found himself and drew his pistol.

Twice it fanged into that cloud of grey dust and two men went down in shapeless heaps. Then out of the powdery mist came two flashes of fire and the crash of a rifle.

Wilson spun around, grabbing at his shoulder, and went down. More shots rang out and to them were added the guttural growls and commands of the Jerries.

"Beat it, Bill," wailed Wilson. "They've got me!"

"Come on! Get to your feet. I'll get you through," roared Arnold.

Twice more the gun rang out in the face of three more spurts of flame ahead of them. With shrill screams two dim forms spun and pitched face forward into the dust.

Then the last man started towards them.

A grim steel bayonet glinted in the moonlight as it was drawn back for the death thrust. There was a blinding flash of flame, the soul-searing boom of concussion and the man in front of them faded away. More masonry tumbled in a blinding torrent, but the way was clear now.

With a grunt, Bill Arnold bent over and picked up Harry Wilson. He threw him over his shoulders and staggered across the shattered beams, blocks of stone aged by the centuries, heaps of dusty plaster and the tangle of broken pews to the vestry and the tunnel.

The ship was where Bill had left it, and Wilson stared at it, amazed for a minute.

"You'll have to fly her, Harry, and I'll stand on the wing. Can you make it?"

"I'll try."

Bill helped the wounded man into the cockpit and twisted the prop over to draw in the essence. With a couple of yanks the Hiss roared into life. There was nothing to do but run her out of the hidden bower and race her straight down the field.

Bill clung to the centre-section struts and stood on the reinforced section of the lower 'plane. They cleared the tall hedge at the far end of the field. Then gradually, Harry forced her up to a reasonable height and headed her for the grim panorama of Verdun.

(Continued on page 26.)